CHRISTIAN REGISTER
AND BOSTON OBSERVER.

DEVOTED TO UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY, SOUND MORALS, LITERATURE AND NEWS

"LIBERTY, H LINESS, LOVE."

CHANDLER ROBBINS, EDITOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1838. NO. 860.---VOL. XVII.—NO. 5.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

The Article referred to by our correspondent, was an extract from a small volume lately published by Rev. H. Winslow entitled *'Woman as she should be.'*

To the Editor of the Christian Register.

I have read over repeatedly an article on the outside of your paper of the 13th entitled, 'WOMAN AS SHE SHOULD BE,' by Rev. H. Winslow, and for some time was induced to think that the writer had presented an ironical parody of the Rev. Gentleman; but since I find that it is a real extract from a printed discourse, I feel an impulse to draw, not my sword, but my pen IN DEFENCE OF THE WOMEN OF BOSTON.

It is my sincere opinion that no city on the habitable earth of 80,000 inhabitants, contains so many exemplary wives, mothers, daughters and sisters as this peninsula, and its dependencies, yet the Rev. author has stated a number of charges against them, one quarter part of which from the pen of Miss Martineau or Mrs Trollope would have opened upon them the batteries of every review in our land as against a prejudiced and unfounded libel. Our author charges our females thus. 'I speak within due and considerate limits when I assert, that in a large class of females not one tenth part of useful results are accomplished by their existence which might be accomplished.'

They cannot endure to study; hence they must have teachers &c.

They cannot endure to think.

They cannot endure any domestic labor.

They cannot endure to walk, but must have a coach.

They have not sufficient energy to sympathize with the cares, trials and duties of their husbands.

They cannot endure to look after the education of their children.

They have not sufficient knowledge to select the best teachers.

They have not sufficient energy to govern their children.

And finally they have become so indolent, that they cannot, without a ghostly effort, return their neighbors' friendly calls, &c. &c.

Now if the Rev. Gentleman knew that the females under his pastoral care deserved this chastisement, he was right in inflicting it; but it was in my opinion wrong to publish it as the general character of the females of this city, in which his residence has been too short to empower him to be fully informed on the subject.

With respect to *study*. The time is not far distant which was foretold twenty years ago by a keen observer, that our females would soon be better taught than our men. Our excellent system of public schools gives them equal advantages. A number of superior private schools introduce their pupils to the higher branches of study, to natural and moral philosophy, and to the Latin and French languages. The numerous courses of scientific lectures are equally attended by both sexes, while the religious weekly meetings show five females to one male, where it is to be hoped that they improve both the mind and heart. The very fact that there are seventy-eight teachers of the primary schools, and forty-two assistants in the higher public schools is an evidence of mental qualification and study; for I presume that our School Committee would not employ incompetent teachers. To these must be added the teachers in the private schools of very superior grade, and the great numbers who give their voluntary services in the Sunday schools. Our young ladies are often invited to leave their homes, to take charge of family instruction at the South and West and in Cuba; and our ladies produce more books than the other sex, if we except only Sermons.

As respects the *industry* of our females; I should think that the Rev. Gentleman had passed all his life within college walls, not to advert to the incessant employments of women in their families, for I believe that the greater part of them do assist in the cooking of the food, do wash and attend to their children, nurse them when they are sick, and correct them when they deserve it; and if any are from fortunate circumstances, above the necessity of doing these things in person, they are capable of directing how they should be done, and thus give employment to others.

But to enumerate some of the employments of our females. The clothing stores and slop shops are filled with the produce of female labor, and the low price paid for it shows how great is the number employed in that branch. The tailoresses, dress makers and milliners are essential in a civilized society; a number of respectable women maintain their families by keeping boarding houses, and a large class of faithful nurses find employment in the houses of the sick and the public hospitals, and the laborious class of laundresses should not be forgotten. The ship chandler who decorates our ships with flags and ensigns; the upholsterer who furnishes our houses; the maker of paper hangings; the hatter, for the making of edges so much worn at present, and for lining hats; the shoemaker, for binding shoes and boots, all depend on female assistance. Of late they are employed by the book-binders, and I have seen them industriously setting types in the printing offices, and doing the less laborious work in type founding. A few are devoted to the fine arts of painting and music.

To pass from the town to the country; such numbers of females are industriously employed in the woollen, cotton and silk factories, in plaiting straw, in making buttons &c. that the complaint is general, that there are not enough to supply the needed body of domestics. What more would the good gentleman have our females undertake? I should be sorry to see them, like the lower classes of London, selling fish, as at Billingsgate, or travelling wheelbarrows with milk, fruit or vegetables; or like some of a more refined class, exposing themselves on the stage as actresses, singers or dancers. Nor would I have them copy the French lower order in driving the plough or hoeing the fields, or those of the middle class, in managing mercantile concerns. After all, I believe that our females are as nearly complete as can be expected in this imperfect world. If the younger show their pretty persons in the street or our beautiful malls, let them be allowed to follow the natural instinct that leads them to it; for I would not confine them in mahometan seclusion; and if some of the more thoughtful associate, with some little fanaticism, for the purpose of breaking the chains of slavery, let them be excused, in consideration of the purity and benevolence of their motives. Even these are perhaps, domestic in their habits and study,

"To make well ordered home, man's greatest solace and delight."

Still the moralist and divine will find enough to do, in keeping the tone of manners and habits from degenerating—for there will be, in all societies, many who may require the voice of advice, caution or reproof—but let them limit themselves to effect practicable good, and not by an attempt to round a period, or to give a sharper point to a moral, overstep the boundaries of Truth—unexaggerated Truth.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER

SELFISHNESS.

It has been said, that selfishness is inherent in our very natures.—That we are actuated by it in all the concerns, and transactions of life.—That our very acts of benevolence and devotion are marked by its blighting influence. Would to heaven we could say, that this is a libel upon the professors of our holy religion; that however true it may be when applied to the worldly minded, yet when brought to bear upon the characters of those, who profess to follow in the steps of him, the chief beauty of whose character consisted in his self sacrifice for the good of others, it becomes stamped with falsehood and prevarication. But alas, self seems to lie at the very bottom, and to be the main spring of all our thoughts, words, and actions. We see it behind the counter, at the desk, on the bench, at the bar, in the church, any, and every way we turn our eyes. It is the idol before which all have prostrated themselves in actual homage. But we will not say all—there are a few choice spirits, who have sacrificed ease, wealth, happiness and prosperity, who have endured, and are still enduring reproach, calumny, and persecution, for the benefit of the ignorant, the oppressed, the poor and the despised. But, how small is their number, when compared with the mass of those who, altho' professing to imitate their divine Master have forgotten the law of love, benevolence, justice and equity; who instead of sacrificing themselves for the good of others, are continually sacrificing others for the good of themselves; who, lest their own property or interest should suffer diminution or loss, are willing to sacrifice the property, the interest, and the happiness of thousands.

Look we into the political world, we see the hero of ambition, of selfish aggrandizement, raised to the pinnacle of power by the suffrages of his fellow men, forgetting alike his duty and his allegiance, and instead of seeking the happiness, the prosperity, and the good of those to whom he owes his elevation, becoming basely blind to all interests but those of self, and for the sake of momentary gratification, spreading ruin, distress, and misery on all around.

Look we into the commercial world, we see the few, rolling in luxury and idleness, clothed, fed, and pampered by the toils, the labors, the sweat, and the groans of the many, whom instead of regarding as brethren, as entitled to the common charities, and the common sympathies of life, they seem to look upon as designed by the Almighty to be the slaves of their will, as creatures made to minister to their pleasures and indulgences. We see the simple, the unsuspecting, the confiding, made the dupes of the designing, the subtle, and the crafty, who, for the sake of filling their own pockets, will not scruple, even under the mask of friendship, to rob the pockets of their neighbors.

Look we into the social world, we see our brethren, children of the same universal parent, members of the same common family, cast by circumstances into a land of strangers, far from their friends and kindred, struggling with sorrow, with affliction, with sickness, with death; we see them unable any longer to bear up under the accumulations of misfortune, sinking beneath the weight of temptation and affliction; we see, and we are willing to indulge our selfish curiosity in prying into their misfortunes, while the hand of sympathy which might have snatched the victim from destruction, or the words of tenderness and condolence, which might have smoothed the brow of care, or turned the tears of sorrow into those of joy, are withheld, until the victim, past the reach of either pity or condolence, is carried forth a helpless, lifeless corpse.

Look we into the religious world, we see churches rising, spires ascending, we behold the stately edifice, the lofty dome, the carpeted aisles, the soft inviting seats, the brilliant lights, the gorgeous tapestry, we hear the notes of the deep toned organ, and what does it all mean?—is it the representation of a little heaven upon the earth where heart meets heart, and hand meets hand, where the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the learned and the unlearned, the sorrowful and the joyful all meet in one common brotherhood of interest and affection? where the stranger far from his home and his friends, and longing for some kindred spirit to meet him in his path, may find the smile of welcome and the open door of admission? Alas no! We wander through the richly carpeted aisles, we see the smiles of beauty, and of fashion, we behold countenances beaming with happiness and intelligence, we hear the voice of eloquence and of wisdom; but the poor, the despised, the outcasts, *where are they?*—have they no interests, no hopes, no cares in common with their brethren? We turn to the sea shores of the eastern world, we see the Lord of life and of glory surrounded by a few poor, simple, ill clad, unlearned and ignorant fishermen,—we turn again to the stately edifice, and ask, where are the poor, the sorrowful, the afflicted; those, who taught in the school of adversity know best how, and need most to, feel the comforting influences of the sanctuary, *where are they?*—Alas! there is no room for them here! The hard unyielding hand of interest, selfish interest, has barred the door against them, and they are obliged to return hopeless and dejected to their own cold, dreary, and unsightly dwellings, to pour forth the bitterness of regret in solitude and in silence. But He whose temple is the humble heart, and who, when the reckless ambition of man has spread ruin and misery on all around, can smooth the rough brow of winter and make his stern features wear the smiling aspect of spring to cheer the saddened heart, and to raise the drooping head, has built for them a temple which neither the elements of fire or water, or the ravages of time can ever destroy; he has studded its broad and spacious arch, with stars and diamonds, he has hung its lamp high in the heavens where its broad reflected light, shines with a brilliant lustre, its pillars are the ends of the earth, and its spacious area excludes not even the selfish and the unfeeling.

A SUBSCRIBER.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR PREACHERS—WITH AN ANECDOTE OF PRIESTLEY.

Preachers are often discouraged, because they do not perceive any immediate effect resulting from their public ministrations. But occasionally a spoken word, falling into the good ground of an honest and prepared heart, may be followed by far reaching results, of which they will never hear till that day when every man's work is made manifest. An incident illustrating this, was last night related to me by a Kentucky gentleman, who has lived in this country for nearly half a century, and I relate it here, believing that he would not object to its being repeated as a means of encouraging those who do not often hear or know the results of their labors.

'In my youth,' said he, 'I went on a voyage for the benefit of my health. It was the first time I had been on the ocean, and we experienced every kind of weather. We had calms, light winds, gales, and storms in which we ran under bare poles. It happened, as I was one day on the deck, and watching the ripple of the waters, that it occurred to me that it was my birth-day. I was that day twenty-one years old. I was of age; I was now to assume the responsibility of my conduct. My future life, if I was to be spared to live, would depend very much upon the principles and plans I now formed and adopted. I felt deeply the importance of having a clear idea of the objects I should pursue in life, and the rules by which I should direct my course. The voyage which I was taking seemed no unapt emblem of the life-voyage now opening before me. I should have calms to bear and storms to meet—my reason and judgment, feeble though they were compared with the mighty ocean of existence on which I was entering, were the only helm I had by which to direct my course. My lonely situation, my sickness, my entire dependence on a skill and power over which I had no control, all tended to make a deep impression on my mind. To these topics my thoughts reverted constantly during the voyage. Few perhaps are able to trace back their habits and actions to the causes most influential in producing them, but I feel convinced that my own character, during my after life, received its main tendency during that period of secluded reflection.

'We landed in Philadelphia. As soon as I was able to go ashore, being anxious to see General Washington, I went to a church where I heard he was to attend service. A venerable man, with floating gray hair, and a remarkably benevolent expression of face, ascended the pulpit. He took for the theme of his discourse, the dangers and trials of the young. It seemed to me as I listened, that he had entered into my mind, and divined my thoughts, and addressed himself especially to me. He compared life, as I had myself done, to a voyage—he described its dangers, and the necessity of a proper preparation for it. He spoke of its responsibilities, and pointed out in clear and forcible language the purposes and aims, which should be our pole-star through its course. Every word sank deeply into my mind, and the impression has never faded away or lost its power over me. That preacher I learned was Dr Priestley.'

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By a curious coicidence, we happen to have in our possession a letter, written from Philadelphia by the Hon. George Thatcher, and bearing date the 14th February, 1796, which describes a sermon preached by Dr Priestley about the time referred to above. Perhaps it was the very same. We give a few extracts from it:

Philadelphia, February 14, 1796.

'*My dear Sir*—I have just returned from the Universalist meeting-house, (Mr Winchester's;) and I hasten to tell you I had the pleasure of hearing our friend Doctor Priestley. He came to this city on Tuesday evening, and though it was but sparsely known or hinted that it was possible he would preach this morning, the meeting-house was very much crowded. And I believe I may safely add, he gave universal satisfaction, for as I returned in the street, it seemed as if every tongue was engaged in speaking his praise.

'Five years ago, a preacher, who called himself a Unitarian, gave out that on a certain day he should deny and disprove the Calvinistic idea of the Divinity of Jesus. In consequence of which declaration, the room which the preacher had engaged by contract, for two or three months, was taken from him and the door nailed up, and he was obliged to flee from the city. It appears probable to me that at that time, no human character would have been able to oppose itself to the torrent of prejudice which would have set against the man who should make the same attempt. But now such a preacher is listened to with a pleasing attention, and attended by a thronging multitude. * * *

'I can't leave the Doctor yet. The Vice-President, Elsworth, Cabot, Sedgwick, and many others of both houses of Congress, attended him. Judge Tredle, with whom I spoke afterwards, expressed himself in raptures. 'Good God,' said he, 'what would I give to hear him as long as I live! I never heard such a discourse in my life.' The sermon was from the words in Proverbs: 'The fear of the Lord is the beginning of Wisdom.' J. F. C.

Western Messenger.

[From the Universalist Union.]

THE THREE PREACHERS.

Or, two Extremes and the happy Medium.

Much has been said, of late in some of our periodicals, upon the best mode of preaching, some contending for sermon reading and others for the extempore method. Without any design of interfering in these able controversies, I would still claim the privilege of expressing my *notions* on this point; and I think I can do this best by an illustration; no matter whether the incident be real or imaginary.

A short time before entering the ministry, I attended a public meeting, and heard three distinguished preachers. The first was Br Frigidus. His text was, 'O come let us worship.' I was pleased with the subject for I had come to meeting on purpose to *worship*. He proceeded to show the *propriety* and *utility* of worship. He argued that man was a religious being, by nature, and gave a phrenological lecture upon the organ of *reverence*, I think he called it, which few of the audience understood or appreciated. He urged the utility of a proper cultivation of that organ, and the necessity of guarding against its excessive developement. He quoted Combe, and Good, and Spurzheim, and Abercrombie; but not a word from Paul or Jesus. There was no scripture in the sermon save the text.

As to the manner it was purely mechanical. It was written in splendid sentences and classic diction, and read line for line and word for word. The speaker once became somewhat animated; yet it was forced; and, as bad luck would have it, he happened to turn two leaves at a time, became a little disconcerted, and cooled down to zero.

He gesticulated on certain passages. When nearing these passages, he would begin to raise his hand considerably in advance, so as to have it ready, and you became tired waiting for the gesture. I suspect the words at which the gesture was to occur, were marked in the manuscript. His eye would never accompany his hand, in a gesture, as it should do; but always remained fixed upon the paper. 'In the enrapturing exercise of worship,' said he, 'the soul mounts heavenward';—he pointed upward with a finger; but his eye pointed downward to the earth. (I once asked a man the road to Albany. 'Take that road,' said he, pointing one way and looking directly in an opposite direction. I did not believe him in earnest and asked another man.)

The discourse or rather lecture, would have done honor to a book of essays; but in my humble opinion, but little good in the desk, before a common audience. In naming the text, he raised an expectation which was disappointed in the sermon. He did not 'let us worship;' but called away our minds to a physiological dissertation.

Next came Br Randomshot. His text was 'Come now and let us reason together.' Here I expected something argumentative. His aim was to show the unreasonableness of partial grace. He closed his Bible and dwelt half an hour upon the character of God, and then exclaimed with emphasis, 'how unreasonable that such a being should inflict endless misery!' He occupied another half hour in picturing the horrors and duration of perdition, and ended with the same exclamation. He then turned and showed the reasonableness of impartial grace, and how well adapted the doctrine is to make us virtuous and obedient.

His voice was melody, his gestures easy, and his language feeling, although diffused and prolix. Many good ideas were advanced, but not in any order and with much repetition. His sermon was without point or system. The audience were generally rather pleased than edified. They admired the man rather than the sermon. Several said, 'that was a lovely man;' but nobody said 'that was a good sermon.'

Next came Br Goodman. He had, for his text, 'For God has not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.' He had a manuscript before him, but he had the use of his eyes, and turned no leaves. His sermon was as clear as water, and as simple as 'Chevy Chase.' There was closeness of thought—warmth of feeling—beauty of language, and freedom in delivery. The sermon was not only admired, but remembered and talked about. It was full of power and love and soundness of mind.

After service I requested the speaker to reveal to me his mode of preparation. He replied, 'I can never satisfy myself with reading; because I lose the power of eye and attitude, and gesture. I cannot satisfy myself without writing; because I lose closeness of thought and perspicuity of language.

'I therefore generally transmit my thoughts to paper, that I may see them. I then transfer them back into my mind that I may feel them. I make a book in which I write my sermon nearly at length. Then, on the last page, I make a skeleton of the thoughts.

'When I have time, before preaching, I read the whole. Then, on going into the desk, I run my eye over the skeleton on the last page, By this means I am able to retain whatever is important both in thought, arrangement and phraseology; and avoid, at the same time, the stiffness of the reader, and the wandering and repetition of the extemporizer.

I have since 'come among the prophets,' and although one of the least, yet I have found Mr Goodman's method to be the most safe and certain of success. It appears to me to be the only perfect method of maturing a discourse for delivery. It indeed requires much labor; but I would recommend to those who have leisure, as a means of uniting the two great requisites of accuracy and efficiency, the method of Br Goodman.

APOLLOS.

[From the Southern Rose.]

THE MISSIONARIES.—A TALE.

THE RESOLUTION.

One summer twilight two girls yet in the opening bloom of life were resting on a rural seat by the borders of a Southern River. The fingers of one rested between the closed leaves of a book, while the glow of a communicated thought from its pages dwelt on her abstracted countenance, and the other was pointing out the softening glories of the western sky. An artist might have lingered near that lovely spot.—Above and around were spread the branches of an oak, from which the gray moss hung quietly in the hush of nature, sweeping the greensward below; a garden, rich with flowers, lay near in front of the white walls of the family mansion; an amphitheatre of woods enclosed the planted fields, forming a green curve in the distance, stopping where the river, beautifully clear, came in with its graceful flow at the foot of the oak, one huge branch of which looked at its own glossy leaves, and gray drapery, mirrored in the waters; a warmly tinted sky broke in bright flickerings through the leaves, and tinged the stream, while the birds of day flitted to their nests with farewell strains. The only other sounds that interrupted the stillness were the plash of an oar, and the distant horn or chorus of the negroes.

'Look up, Isabel,' said the speaking girl, 'from that book to this glorious sunset. It is worth a thousand volumes!'

Isabel shook her head gravely, her downcast eyes bent to the turf at her feet. At length she sighed and said, 'Cousin Ellen, a solemn duty is pending over me which makes me blind and deaf even to these great natural manifestations of Deity. I begin to feel with a thrilling consciousness, that I have no right to linger over these scenes of my early joys. This book describes the wants of the heathen, the poor heathen, who when *they* look at nature acknowledge no creating hand, and if they possess a friend dear to me as you are, Ellen, know nothing of that world where such friendship shall be made brighter and unbroken through eternal years.'

A soft and solemn depth was in the tones of the speaker, and her full dark lids were wet with tears.

'And can you be willing to think for a moment,' said Ellen, 'of leaving your well-defined fireside duties, your father, your mother and little Rosalie, for an uncertain sphere among the heathen?'

'There is nothing uncertain in the Missionary's path,' exclaimed the enthusiast, as she rose and clasped her hands with an onward gesture. 'Every step he takes is heavenward, every sorrow he endures adds a gem to his immortal crown. Yes, dear garden, where my childhood's foot has trod, skies that have so long looked down upon me, birds which have sung me songs from year to year, father, mother, sister, farewell! A prophetic hope of good is upon me. I must go.'

'With which of these handsome students are you about to partake the crown of martyrdom?' said Ellen, archly, yet trying to suppress the smile on her lips.

'With Henry Clayborne, as his wedded wife,' said Isabel with dignity, scarcely a blush tinging the delicate hue of her cheek.

Ellen turned deadly pale—a rush as of sudden winds sounded through her brain; but recovering instantly, she stooped to caress a tame fawn which was browsing at her side. We will not penetrate the secrets of that young heart in loneliness, but too happy if it can suffer unseen. Isabel absorbed in the contemplation of her own lofty purposes, did not observe the agitation of her cousin. These almost masculine purposes belonged to a young and seemingly fragile being; but it is wonderful how feminine enthusiasm bears up the frail and delicate, where seemingly stronger spirits fail. One who noted Isabel's slight figure, and looked into the soft depths of her eyes, and heard her gentle voice, would never have dreamed that she could voluntarily leave the feathered nest of her childhood for the dangers of the ocean, and the hardships of an Indian exile; but such have not studied the promptings of human will, coupled with strong religious enthusiasm.

That evening Henry Clayborne came to hear his final sentence: he felt what it would be, for Isabel's touching welcome told more than words. It was not the downcast blush of common acceptance, but the frank determined glow of a holy resolution.

'This kindness augurs well for me,' he said, fondly, as he held her confiding hand, 'but I have come resolved not to take advantage of it. Better, dearest, is it for me to brave this wild path alone. I leave no mother who nursed my childhood to weep over my absence, no father to sigh for attentions he just begins to realize, no little sister whose opening mind I ought to mould. Beside, I am a man, and can tread through dangers where your softer spirit would droop. I could not bear, love, to see this white brow, (and he pressed his lips to it with subdued homage,) burning beneath those sultry skies; I could not bear that these tender feet should fail in the wilderness, nor that your intellectual powers and affectionate heart should languish for sympathy. Be my bride, and with that claim upon you I shall depart braced for danger, but I must go alone. My dreams were terrific last night, and when I awoke, the glow of the missionary was lost in the tremor of the lover. You must remain, my Isabel.'

'You have been tempted, Henry,' said the brave girl, caressing the hand she held. 'God has withdrawn his countenance from you, or you would not talk thus. My parents will shortly feel a holy pride in their bold missionary girl, as friend after friend gathers round with religious sympathy. Beside, Henry, who should think of such ties when God calls? We must tread the waves at the voice of Jesus. His voice is near, I hear it now. Help, Father, help or we perish,' she exclaimed, and her face glowed like an angel's as she sank on her knees with clasped hands and prayerful eyes. 'Shall we sink while he is by? Look on thy servants in this hour of need, the storm of temptation is near, the billows rage, put forth thy hand and save.'

Henry knelt beside her; he caught the soaring enthusiasm of his promised bride, his voice was not heard, but his lips moved. In those moments of stillness a sublime self-dedication had been made. They both rose. 'We go together,' he whispered, and folded her to his heart..

A MOTHER'S TRIALS.

There were busy preparations for the bridal and voyage. Religion, love, friendship, were active, and even strangers as they heard the story of the self immolation of the young and beautiful girl, sent in their testimonials of interest.

When friends entered and bestowed their parting kiss on her sister, Rosalie's pretty eyes filled with tears; but the gifts, the bustle, and novelty of preparation soon dried them up again. A doubting cast of care was on the father's brow, but he bade God speed and bless his child. Ellen went mechanically through her duties. If she was sadder and paler than her wont, was it not for Isabel, her dear friend and cousin?—And how fared it with the mother of the young exile? She busied herself, for she dared not be idle.—She checked the struggling sigh, and wiped off the gathering tear, and her short ejaculatory prayer for patience and submission went up when none could hear. Time sped, (how soon he flies with moments counted by parting friends!) and the bridal was to take place on the morrow, the departure the succeeding day. One by one the family retired, the mother last, for a troubled and restless emotion made her wakeful. As she sat alone, the ticking of the timepiece seemed almost shrill to her excited ear. She recalled the childish joy of Isabel, when, raised to that old clock, she clapped her hands at the revolving moon, whose round face looked upon her; there was the little chair, now Rosalie's, in which Isabel had sought ambitiously, but in vain, to rest her dimpled feet on the floor. That room could almost tell her history. There was the framed and faded sampler, mocked by the changing fashions of the day; the more elaborate and tasteful decorations of the pencil; the piano forte, which had soothed and brightened her varying hours. Was it possible that those dear hands should touch its chords no more for years, perhaps forever? There was the workbox, the quiet but precious instrument over which a woman's heart pours out its home emotions in most unconscious freedom. She opened it with a trembling hand. How tasteful, how judicious! Character was visible in all its combinations; it spoke of economy, just arrangement and fancy, while little touches of the affections peeped forth from its many compartments. As she gazed on these things tears gushed forth, and she heard not Isabel's light footstep, until her arms were thrown around her.

'I would that you had not witnessed these emotions,' said her mother, almost coldly. 'You have chosen your path, and leave me to go down coldly to mine. Strangers are to occupy the heart which I have trained for eighteen years. But go. Console yourself as you will, midnight and tears are my portion.'

Isabel clung to her mother beseechingly, the lofty look of heroism almost driven from her brow. 'Mother, your parents doted on you,' she said falteringly, 'as you on me, yet you left their arms for an earthly love. How much greater is the duty that calls me from you! to give salvation to the lost, life to the dying. Oh mother,' she continued, grasping her hand with kindling eye and solemn gesture, 'should I die in this enterprise, go boldly to the court of heaven and ask for your child. How proud will be your joy to see the weak and humble girl you nurtured in your bosom, surrounded by the whiterobed souls she has rescued through Christ's mercy, perchance leading their hymns in heaven as she has done on earth? Oh, mother, will they not greet you with a new song of joy, 'Welcome thou whose child has opened unto us the book of life?'

Her mother was awed, silenced. She took the dear enthusiast to her arms, stroked the falling hair from her glistening eyes, and pressing that soft cheek to her bosom said, 'I will resign thee, beloved, God's will be done.'

THE PARTING.

The bridal was over, the few guests had gone, and silence settled on that little group so soon to be severed by rolling seas. Isabel touched a few chords on her piano-forte. At first her hand trembled, and Rosalie who stood by looking wistfully, wiped her sister's cheek with her little handkerchief. Gradually her fingers became firm as her thoughts possessed themselves of her great mission, and her voice full and deep as in her freeest moments, while she sang to the tune of the 'Bride's Farewell,' the touching verses of a Southern poetess.

THE MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL.

BY MISS MARY PALMER.

Farewell, Mother—Jesus calls me
Far away from home and thee;
Earthly love no more enthralls me,
When a bleeding Cross I see.
Farewell, Mother—do not pain me
By thine agonizing woe,
Those fond arms cannot detain me,
Dearest Mother—I must go.

Farewell, Father—Oh! how tender
Are the chords that bind me here;
Jesus! help me to surrender
All I love, without a tear.
No—my Savior! wert *thou* tearless,
Leaning o'er the buried dead?
At this hour, so sad and cheerless,
Shall not burning tears be shed?

Farewell, Sister—do not press me
To thy young and throbbing heart;
Oh! no longer now distress me,
Sister—Sister—we must part.
Farewell—pale and silent Brother—
How I grieve to pain thee so!
Father—Mother—Sister—Brother—
Jesus calls—Oh! let me go!

Every heart was throbbing, every eye gushing with tears except that of the rapt singer,

who sat with upward look like a bird preparing to wing its homeward way to warmer skies.

Rosalie had been cradled in her sister's arms for three years; that night was her first banishment, and the child had sobbed herself to sleep in the little crib assigned to her by her mother's bedside. Isabel sought the slumberer alone, for the first time overpowered by regrets stronger than religious duty. She locked the door and trod lightly to the bedside. The little sleeper's face had resumed its tranquillity, but there was a deeper flush than usual on her rounded cheek, and as Isabel put softly aside the entangled hair on the pillow, she found it wet with tears. Long and earnest and loving was the gaze of the Missionary's bride, and as she looked, the chest of the child stirred with a prolonged and trembling sob like the heaving of a billow when the gale has died away. Isabel disengaged one of those moist curls, severed it from its luxuriant companions, and placed it in her bosom pressing her hand a moment on her own throbbing heart. The struggle passed away, and kneeling by the bedside, she whispered a prayer.

'God and Father of innocence,' she said, 'as I love the soul of this little child, so may I love the souls of the young benighted ones who are in the darkness of heathenism. Let me crush every love which would draw me away from my high calling.'

She rose from her knees tearless in the might of holy resolution, and bending over the little girl, kissed her hands and forehead; then looking upward said again, 'God bless thee, young angel, and teach me to save kindred souls.'

A low knock at the door and a tender voice aroused her, and with a light tread she left the room.

THE VOYAGE.

The young bride at sea! Who has not seen her gush of parting sorrow dried slowly away, as one for whom she has left all, stands near to comfort her! And she is comforted. The long, long day, listless to others, is full of thought to her, for *he* watches her steps, her smile, her sigh—his future and hers are one. She loves to see the sunlit waves, the evening stars with him, and the storm loses its dreadfulness, for she is clasped in his arms amid its tumult. Young, confiding bride, be it ever thus even on the ocean of life! May thy trim ship tread well the waters, the sky of heaven be bright above thee, the winds waft thee kindly on, and he who holds the helm be true!

It was sweet to hear the hymns that rose from time to time, from the young missionaries in the holy joy of their souls. Isabel's voice kindled in rapt delight, until the roughest sailor paused and caught the religious glow.

There was little to try the fortitude of the Missionaries in the voyage, which was marked by the common incidents of sea-life, until they entered the Bay of Bengal. The day previous had been oppressive; there was a stagnation in the air as if its circulation had been suddenly suspended, and on the following morning the experienced commander reefed his sails, though the winds as yet but threatened in light gusts. A yellow haze loomed athwart the sun, which was strangely reflected in the gurgling waters; this aspect continued through the morning. Henry and Isabel observed a change in the countenances of the seamen, which at first they could scarcely think was authorized by the appearance of the heavens, for though unusual, there was nothing terrific in the brazen hue of the clouds; but as they continued to gaze, there was a mystery in the stillness as if the foot of the Eternal might be treading on his wonderful watery creation. After a few hours a steady gale commenced, gigantic clouds rolled like troubled spirits through the air, and as they strode low like seeming monsters above and around, Isabel shrank nearer to her husband. At twilight the hurricane began—and the chafed ship, like a living thing, now sank as in despair, now leapt over the swelling billows.

The Missionaries summoned the strength of their souls and awaited in silence God's will. It was a night of fearful anxiety; no one slept but Isabel, who leaning on her husband dreamed sweetly of her oaken seat beside the river, startled only when the Captains voice spoke in the deep tones of the trumpet and overtopped the gale.

Suddenly a heavy sea struck the ship astern, and the waters rushed into the cabin. The shock was tremendous. Henry bore his dripping charge in his arms to the Captain's cabin. She was quite insensible, her loosened hair fell about her in wet masses, her lips were blue and her whole frame rigid. Henry chafed her cold hands, wrung the damp from her hair, and gave her restoratives. She opened her eyes at length, spoke his name, and laid her head on his shoulder like a glad child.

'We will die together,' whispered she, 'and though we are not God's favored instruments, he will carry on his good work by other hands.'

And now the uproar on deck became dreadfully terrific; huge billows burst over the bows of the ship, writhing, and spouting, and glittering with phosophoric light, while the lightning darted and flashed over the ocean. The Captain lost his assumed calmness, and his wild oaths sounded amid the storm like the shouts of a demon. Isabel shuddered at the impiety which could thus brave heaven, when seemingly so near its final judgment. At this period the vessel was inert and powerless, drifting like a disabled swan on the waters. Isabel sat, her hands clasped in Henry's, her eyes upturned and her lips moving as if in prayer. At length the welcome sound of relief was heard, the vessel righted, and the waves rushed like released prisoners from the deck.

The morning rose in beauty, and soon the lines of green so dear to the landsman's eye opened on the view.

'Is your heart still strong, beloved?' said Henry, as he pointed to the distant shore. Are there no yearnings for friends and home?'

Isabel smiled and pressed the hand of her husband. 'The Lord has not preserved me from a watery grave, that I should bear a faltering heart. I feel strong in his arm; let him lead me where he willeth, so I can aid his cause.'

THE NEW HOME.

Isabel's emotions as she neared the shore of Hindostan were almost dreamlike, and she asked herself, as objects of strange novelty met her eye, 'What am I who have ventured thus? An atom amid the ocean; but the Lord careth even for the sparrow.'

The new perfume from the flowers was among the first things that told her of her distance from home.

'I have to remember,' she said to Henry, 'that the same God scented these rich blossoms, who gave the odor to my garden rose; let me not forget that he too is the God of heathen, as well as Christian souls.'

They were touched with the picturesque beauty of the scene as they sailed up one of the mouths of the Ganges. Hindoo cottages in the form of hay-stacks, without chimnies or windows, clustered beneath luxuriant trees, contrasted in their rudeness by the more elaborate pagodas. Wide fields of rice and grass of exquisite verdure were spread around, while herds of cattle fed on the banks of the river. But a glance at the inhabitants concentrated the thoughts of the Missionaries, and fixed them on the worth of human souls. They were willing, in the devotion of their feelings, to enter one of those hovels and begin the work of salvation. But new objects arrested their attention, as they journeyed to the seat of the mission. A bridegroom, about ten years of age, was carried in a palankeen crowned with flowers, followed by a procession with musical instruments. Tears started to Isabel's eyes as they followed this idle pageant, at the thought of the rational and simple rites of her own bethrothal.

The next object that called prayer deep from the souls of the strangers, was the worship of Juggernaut, the miserably painted wooden idol before which immense multitudes assembled with overwhelming shouts. Henry and Isabel cast down their eyes at the sacrilege, and remembered the simple church at home, where spiritual prayers were the choicest gift to heaven.

Their curiosity was attracted by a rude kind of basket, suspended from a tree. On looking within they discovered the partially devoured remains of a little child. Isabel shuddered, and thought of the happy home of her childhood, and Rosalie pillowed on her mother's bosom.

But the most horrible scene to Isabel in this memorable journey, and one which Henry would willingly have spared her, was the sacrifice of a woman to the manes of her husband. In vain the missionaries tried to move away from that harrowing scene, there was a spell, a fascination even in its terrors, that chained them to the spot, and Isabel sick at heart, with starting eyes and panting chest, looked on. 'A grave was dug near the river, large and deep, and after a few initiatory rites as unintelligible as they were fantastical, the widow took a formal leave of her friends and descended into the chamber of death. It may be that she was stupified with opium, for there was a mechanical insensibility about her that seemed scarcely human. As soon as she reached the bottom of the pit, to which she descended by a rude ladder, she was left alone with the body of her husband, in a revolting state of decay, which she embraced and clasped to her bosom, and then gave the signal for the last act of this shocking scene to commence. The earth was deliberately thrown upon her, while two persons descended into the grave and trampled it tightly round the self-devoted sacrifant. During this tardy and terrible process, the doomed woman sat an unconcerned spectator, occasionally caressing the corpse, and looked with an expression of almost sublime triumph as the earth embraced her body. The hands of her own children aided in this terrible rite, heaping around her the cold dust to which she was so soon to be resolved. At length all but her head was covered, when the pit was hurriedly covered in, and her nearest relatives danced over the inhumed body with frantic gestures, either of extacy or madness.'

Before the termination of this scene, Isabel, who had lingered with infatuated interest fainted. On recovering she asid to Henry, 'Assist me, my husband, to hate this act more than I do.—Again and again I thought, I could bear to die thus with you, rather than live without you. Will God forgive my idolatry?'

At length the young Missionaries reached their home. Home? And was this the abode of the delicate Isabel? The late inmates had died of the fever of the climate, and no kind hand had arranged the few relics that remained. The dwelling consisted of two rooms, made of bamboo and thatch, with doors opposite each other; an air of desolation prevailed every where around. Day after day Isabel labored with those fair hands so unused to toil, until an air of comfort wrought its charm around her; then her love of the beautiful broke forth; she trained the native shrubbery around the dwelling, and planted a spot on which her husband's eye might gratefully repose as he sat at his daily studies; but alas, hunger, and heat, and debility often took from her the power of more than necessary effort.—Nothing is more wearing to an ardent Missionary, who has sacrificed every thing for *spiritual* good, than to find himself trammelled down to the physical wants of life. Isabel felt this pressure a trial almost more than she could bear, and it was a day of prayerful thanksgiving for her, when she was permitted by the employment of other hands in menial occupation, to aid her husband in teaching. His labors were lightened by her active spirit, and it was a blessing to her soul to toil with him, to listen to his earnest voice as he preached of salvation. And oh how beautiful he was to her, as he stood with earnest eyes and gestures breaking the bread of life to the benighted souls around him; and then, when evening came, they could sit by their open door, and inhale the perfume of their garden, and talk of distant America. Were they happy? Troubled thoughts and forebodings sometimes shot through their minds like an ice-bolt, for death might come and sunder them; conversions were slow; brutish ignorance or ingenious skepticism baffled their dearest hopes; the seed which they planted seemed thrown on stony hearts, but still their faith was firm; strong prayer went up daily, hourly from the temple of their hearts, though all others were closed against them; faith looked with her bright, keen glance beyond the present hour, and showed them precious souls redeemed by their toils.

In the midst of these emotions, Henry was seized with the fever of the climate. Poor Isabel left all for him. Night and day she bent over his pillow, and forgot that it was wrong to idolize an earthly form; all memory, all hope were lost in the present thought of his possible death. He recovered. How sweet it was to present him the first fruits from their little garden, to bring him one by one his manuscripts and books, to see the faint glow of health kindle on his cheek, to aid his faltering steps, to feel the cool hand which had so lately burned and throbbed beneath her touch! Isabel sat at his feet, and looked and looked, until tears started to her eyes for love and joy.

DEATH.

One evening Henry was summoned to his wife's apartment. She had given birth to a boy. The little one lived but to receive a father's first and last blessing, before his perfect features settled to repose. And Isabel was departing too;—the loving eye grew dim, the sweet voice low. The boy was brought to her, his young eyes closed, the discolored lips where the dark touch of death first appeared bound up, and his little hands, the exact pattern of his mother's, crossed on his cold breast. She pressed him feebly in her dying arms, raised one meek glance to heaven, then fixed it on Henry who stood statue-like before her. That look recalled his flitting senses, and kneeling by the bedside he threw his arms around her, and bent his face to hers.

'God calls your Isabel,' she whispered.—'What he wills is right; but be not alone. Send for Ellen, marry her. Cease not to labor for the perishing heathen.' A slight convulsion passed over her face, and the lovely spirit was gone.

Henry wept not, his soul seemed hardened to stone; he placed the babe in his mother's arms, and it was a strange pleasure to lay that little head on her bosom, and twine their cold hands together. Night came, his attendants left him alone. The breeze that swept through the open doors waved the white garments of the dead.—Henry started; a burst of woe, a loneliness most drear and dreadful came over him; he wrung his hands, he traversed the floor with groans of unutterable despair, he bent over those pale forms with clenched hands. What was life, what was duty to him? He must tread the world alone, the silence was insupportable. He shouted aloud,—

'Isabel! Isabel! speak. Speak, my boy, utter a sound, one human cry. Oh, death! death!' The wretched man threw kimself on the floor, and wept aloud. From tears followed prayer. The spirit of God descended, and wrapt him in its folding wings, and he grew calm.

Morning came and he was tranquil. He laid his beloved at the foot of the garden beneath a tree she loved, the blessed baby in her arms, and left her there; but when evening drew nigh, and the night odors breathed abroad he sought the spot. It was a terrible joy to be there; he laid his face to the sod, and listened as if her voice might answer, and the breathings of her heart respond to his own. He struggled for prayer, but his lips were parched, and the words died away. He felt as if an awful temptation were on him, as if God had forsaken him; he lay gasping for breath; dim and dreary shadows flitted before him, wailings as of new-born infants passed through the air, mingled with gurgling death-moans; he touched cold forms, and they clasped him with chill chatterings. He was found in the morning in high delirium.

THE CONFLICT.

Henry recovered, and returned to his duties, but a deep cloud of sadness invested his soul; loneliness as of a desert was around him; there was light, but no warmth in his existence. As he sat one evening in his desolate abode, a keen rush of memory like sudden winds came by him, and he fancied he heard a voice saying, 'Be not alone, send for Ellen, marry her.' He started; he drove the thought away like a guilty thing. It came again and again; it clung to him in the midst of duty, in silence, in prayer; the winds whispered it; it rose in dreams. He ceased to visit the grave of Isabel, young flowers were springing there, and he knew it not. Impulse ripened to resolution. He wrote to Ellen, he told her of her friend's dying request; he made bare the sorrows and wants of his bereaved heart, and he asked if she would be the ministering angel to heal its wounds. He promised to cherish and love her, and though a cloud would shadow their memories, it would be tinged by the hope of aiding each other in the great cause of rescuing souls from death.

Henry's frame of mind for some time after sending this letter was calm. If his proposal was accepted the answer would be in person, as an immediate opportunity offered for Ellen's departure. But as the time drew near for her arrival, he became nervous and depressed; he re-arranged and improved his residence, and removed every object that directly reminded him of Isabel. He never glanced at her grave, the shrubs grew wildly on its rank soil, and the turf was green. Time flew so rapidly, that Henry sometimes caught his breath at the nearness of his fate. He labored in every possible shape; there was a rapidity in his step and eye, that showed a hurried mind; he slept little, and the meanest companion was more welcome than solitude. Did he wish Ellen to come?

She arrived; the conflict between varying feelings and motives had almost rent her frame, but she came, shrinking, sensitive, but loving. Trembling to her heart's very core, she extended her hand to Henry; he shrank as from a basilisk, and uttering a loud, deep cry of horror and disgust, sank on a chair and wept. Ellen, deeply affected herself, scarcely comprehended the nature of his feelings; she was too willing to weep for the lost and gentle Isabel. Henry roused himself, but there was a strange and hurrying tone of manner that agitated the embarrassed girl. He urged their immediate marriage, as his house was their only residence, and that evening she became his bride.

A year just a year that night Isabel had died. What image haunted the new bridegroom? Not that of the adventurous girl, who had braved every thing even reputation for him; no, the cold pale form of Isabel was before him, and as he glanced at the apartment where the evening breeze had stirred her shroud, he shrank from entering, and instead of the bridal chamber he sought her grave. Hour after hour passed away; a new alarm filled the breast of poor Ellen, a stranger and alone. She drew back the curtain of her window, the air was sultry, and bore heavily the odor of night blossoms on its wing. She leaned from the casement: the blossoms looked silvery soft in the moon's rays. Her tears gushed forth, for she felt forsaken and she knew that the world would point to her in derision. She heard a moan, deep, wild and piteous, like that with which Henry had greeted her, when she had sought him with love's true confidence. Oh, heaven! was this the meeting on which her thoughts had dwelt with such dreams of hope and tenderness? Why had she fancied that his arms would have enfolded and supported her? Her brain grew dizzy, and she leaned once more from the window. Again that groaning shriek met her ear, more wild and fearful than before, and straining her sight to the remote part of the garden, she saw Henry, with frantic gesticulations, embracing a grassy mound. The truth flashed upon her,—he had sought the grave of Isabel rather than her arms. Desolate and broken-hearted, she swooned away.

The morning aroused her to misery. Henry was raving in the delirium of a fever, now calling on Isabel and his boy, and now shrinking as from some demoniac vision he dared not name. A few days passed away, and gradually and humbly poor Ellen introduced herself into his apartment, her eyes downcast, her voice in whispers, and performed the gentle offices of woman's love. By and by the sufferer began to call her Isabel, and stroke her hand fondly as it lay by his side, while with the other she smoothed the entangled hair on his burning forehead. He listened as Ellen talked of Isabel, and showed him her picture, the gift of early friendship; he took the gathered flowers when she told him they were fresh *from Isabel's grave*; she sang him the hymns they had once sung together, in soft rich tones like Isabel's, and kneeling by the bedside prayed that her pure spirit might look down and bless them.

The struggle of reason was awful and mysterious, and sometimes Ellen's heart failed within her, and a sickness like death came over her soul; then would she go to Isabel's grave, and pray. The soft breeze revived her, and as it played amid her curls, she looked like the spirit of hope and tenderness, and trod back with a lighter step to that scene of darkness and care.

One day while she read, and thought Henry slept, he was gazing upon her, and presently he spoke her name. Was it a dream? Ellen clasped her hands in eager hope.

'Ellen,' he said, softly and tenderly. 'Ellen my wife!'

The outcast bride threw herself in intense and trembling joy beside him.

'I have had strange dreams, my love,' he said, drawing her gently down towards him, 'I am glad you are with me, my sweet nurse.'

Ellen could not speak; she laid her head on his bosom sobbing in excess of happiness, and Henry wiped away her tears. C. G.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

POLITICAL VIRTUE.—No. 3.

We have seen that all the private virtues belong to the character of a good citizen as well as a good Christian, that we cannot infringe on the private rights of our neighbor, nor bring any evil on ourselves, without injuring the community of which we and our neighbors are members; and on the other hand, that we cannot promote the well being of an individual without contributing to the public benefit.

We shall now consider the more immediate or direct duties which every citizen owes to his country, and especially where the government is free and elective. Among these an habitual submission to the laws of the land is entitled to the first consideration. It is hardly necessary to say that a forcible oppositiou to civil magistrates is utterly inconsistent with the character of a good citizen. He will be so far from withstanding those whose duty it is to administer the government, that he will conscientiously observe all its injunctions and prohibitions, so far as they may be compatible with the evident laws of Heaven. His submission will be neither tardy nor reluctant. Among other civil duties he will contribute freely to the pecuniary support of the administration, ready to bear the full proportion of the necessary expenses; and he will be equally prompt in affording his personal aid whenever it may be required in the maintenance of good order.

It is important to make one or two exceptions to the universality of our obedience to civil rulers, so long as those rulers come short of a universal regard to the invariable laws of justice. We are taught by apostles while under a special inspiration, that we ought to obey God rather than man. No human authority, and still less the permission of civil government will justify us in doing what we believe to be forbidden by the Divine law. I do not say that in such a case we should resist the civil or the military officer; but I do think that in the case supposed, we should withhold all active obedience, and rather suffer any penalty ourselves, not excepting death or torture, than inflict a slight wrong on a fellow creature. Another exception may perhaps be required in order to relieve the tender conscience from excessive scruples. Laws are sometimes enacted which in existing circumstances it is difficult, if not impossible to obey. If for instance nine out of ten, or ninety-nine out of a hundred disregard a law forbidding the *circulation* of small *bank-notes*, the duty of a good citizen or of a good christian can hardly require an individual to withstand the nine, or the ninety-nine so constantly as he must do if he has much intercourse with the world.

1. In connection with that obedience which every citizen owes to the government of his country, we may urge the duty of relying on that government for protection; of abstaining from all violent means of vindicating private rights, and waiting patiently for the redress provided by law. The cases are very few in which we are allowed to vindicate our property, or our persons by private force, and if we may not resort to such means of avenging or securing our own rights, still less can we be justified in using them under pretence of promoting the public good The wise and good citizen will not countenance mobs, whatever their character or pretensions. However mild their aspect, he will regard them at least as embryo monsters, or incipient plagues, which if allowed to live or continue, will sooner or later desolate the land.

2. In a country like ours, where every citizen is an elector, it is an indispensable duty for him to acquaint himself as far as possible with its most important interests; with the principles of republican government, the best modes of administration, and the character of public men. In order to this, he must divest himself, as far as may be, of all party prejudice, and be willing to see things as they are. He must seek information where it is most likely to be obtained, not believing implicitly in those whom he sees and knows to be selfish and dishonest, but in those whom he has always found candid, generous, and upright. What he sees, hears, and knows of public men or public measures he should remember, and make his own experience, so far as it extends, the guide of his future conduct.

3. It is not only a right but a duty of every citizen under an elective government to attend the polls, and give his vote for civil officers in as conscientious a manner as he would perform any religious service whatever. If there be any exception to this duty it may, I think, be shown to be a very rare one.

There never was a time, there never was a nation, or state, of any considerable population, in which there were not bad or incompetent men aspiring to office. Too indolent, or too rapacious to live by their own industry, they fix their eyes on public stations, as affording more easy and more ample means of selfish gratification Under despotic governments these become flatterers of the tyrants, and in republics, flatterers of the people. By high professions and fair promises, together with the grossest misrepresentations of the real friends of the people, they mislead the simple, inflame their party-spirit, and secure their every vote, which in connection with those who are equally profligate with themselves often turns the scale against those who are more enlightened, and as a party, more virtuous. In this way an elective government instead of being the best may become the worst in the world Till society becomes more wise and virtuous than it is in any country, our only hope is in the faithful suffrages of those who are able and willing to distinguish the true patriot from the selfish partisan. As well might we leave our silver and gold exposed day and night in the highway, as to desert the polls, and expect that the elections will be such as the best interests of our country require. If one enlightened citizen may be excused from the duty of voting, every other may be, and in consequence of such delinquencies, the public treasures may be given up to rapacity, and the nation precipitated into woes and crimes surpassing all description. In many instances the contest is so equal, that for aught we can say a single vote may be immediately or remotely the salvation of our country. Can a good citizen or a good man withhold such a vote?

There is one class of men, viz., the clergy, whom some would exempt from the duty, and others would deny the moral right of acting at the polls, or exerting any direct influence on the election of those, who are either to preserve, or betray the public interests, and violate, or perform the national duties. That the Clergy as well as others, have a *political* right to vote; that they are as deeply interested in the public safety and prosperity; that they are equally capable of forming correct opinions of men and measures, and especially of their moral aspects and relations; and that if not wholly unworthy of their office, they will be as likely to act conscientiously in these things: cannot be denied. The only reason I can imagine, why they should not vote in the election of those on whom our national character, as well as safety and prosperity, chiefly depends, is that they might thus offend unreasonable and intolerant men, and lose an opportunity for exerting upon them those moral influences, which might otherwise be in their power. Something is doubtless to be conceded to prejudice and unreasonable passion. It is perhaps a rare case, in which it is expedient for a minister to vote against a member of his own parish, or to take a part in the election of municipal officers or town representatives; but where he can vote without direct opposition to the personal interests of any parishioner, the case is different, and I do not see why a minister should not stand on the same ground with other citizens. Instances may occur in which his single vote would be the means of averting an expensive and bloody war, or preventing the violation of the most sacred treaties, or shutting a floodgate of political corruption that was threatening to inundate the whole land. In such a crisis he could not be excused in withholding his vote; and, to be allowed to give it then, he must assert, and exercise the right, or rather, I would say he must perform the duty, before things have come to such an extremity. A distinction is always to be made between right and duty. The former may be abandoned, but not the latter. Concessions are dangerous, when made to those who would assume dominion over the consciences of others; and although they may gratify those who demand them, they will not secure their respect; that respect, without which the moral influence of the preacher will be small indeed. The renunciation of so indisputable a right, and of a duty so sacred as that of voting in the most important election, is quite as likely to be imputed to a time-serving spirit, as to the desire of doing good; and the admonition of Paul to Titus may claim the attention of those, who are thus inclined; 'Let no man despise thee.' S. W.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 3, 1838.

ERRORS IN REV. MR WOOD'S LETTER. BLUE LAWS &C.

We confess that at the time we published the last letter of our Rev. Brother in England, we entertained strong suspicions that he had been, either intentionally quizzed, or inadvertantly misinformed, in regard to the Blue Laws of Connecticut: and were not without hope that some Correspondent who possessed all the requisite information, might be induced, on reading his remarks, to set the matter right.

We are therefore happy to publish the subjoined communication from a respectable source.

It is however no more than justice to Mr Wood, to say that we are rather surprised at the general accuracy of his statements, when we take into consideration the variety of subjects upon which he has written, and the minuteness of the accounts which he has often given concerning matters and things in the United States.

New Haven, 24th Jan. 1838.

To the Editor of the Christian Register.

Sir,—I have just seen in your paper of the 20th inst. an extract of a letter from the Rev. Samuel Wood, written while on his late tour in the United States to some friend in England; in which letter, the writer has given an account of his visit to New Haven. As he mentions me as one of those, who took pains to show him 'every thing worthy of notice in and about the town,' I may be considered in some measure responsible for the information, which he communicates respecting it. On this account, I wish to correct two errors in his statements.

The first error is not very important; but the truth in all cases is better than its opposite. Mr Wood says, that at the cave of the regicides, 'on the face of one of the rocks is the inscription,—*opposition to tyrants is obedience to God.*' 'This inscription' he adds 'was originally carved by the hands of the fugitives, and has since been renewed from time to time.' Without doubt, Mr Wood was told by some one in New Haven, that these words were first inscribed on the rock by the fugitive judges; but the fact is quite otherwise. The inscription is very recent; so recent, indeed, that though I have often visited what is called the judges' cave, on the West mountain, it has been cut since I have been here. President Stiles, in his history of the regicides says nothing of this inscription; which he certainly would have mentioned, if it had existed in his time, or if there had been any tradition respecting it. But its late origin is here a matter of public notoriety. When this engraving first appeared at the cave, the story was, and it was probably correct, that it was the work of a college student, who when visiting the rock, chose to amuse himself in this way; acting under the influence of the *genius loci*.

But the error, which it is my principal object to correct, is in what Mr Wood says of 'the blue laws of Connecticut;' so called, it seems, 'because the first printed laws of the colony were stitched in blue colored paper.' From the connection in which the writer introduces this subject, it might be inferred, that he found evidence in the 'old records,' of the actual existence of this blue code. But these records contain no trace of it. I would here say, that it is no part of my object to censure Mr Wood. On the contrary, I take pleasure in stating, that this gentleman appeared to have entire honesty of purpose, and to be altogether remote from any disposition to make a wrong representation of facts. But what authority is there for this story of the blue laws? for it did not originate with Mr Wood. Governor Eaton and Mr Davenport, who were the founders of the New Haven colony, were men of sound understanding and extensive information; and though like other puritans, they were over rigid on some points of morals, it is not to be admitted on slight evidence, that they gave their sanction to such laws as are enumerated by Mr Wood. It seems incredible, for instance, that they should have announced, as legislators, that 'no one should cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair, or shave, on the sabbath day;' that 'no woman shall kiss her child on the sabbath or fasting day;' that 'no one shall make mince pies, dance, or play on any instrument of music, except the drum, trumpet, or jewsharp,' and that 'every male shall have his hair cut round according to a cap.' Yet if proper testimony can be produced, it must be granted, that they did adopt such regulations. Where, then, are we to look for proof, that this [illegible] of 'blue laws' was framed by these [illegible] the earliest authority in this case, i[illegible]d, which can be named, is Peters [illegible] of Connecticut; the same work, in [illegible] said, that the plain on which N[illegible] built, 'is divided into three hundre[illegible] the size of Bloomsbury square,' that [illegible] these squares are built upon,' and that 'two hundred houses are annually erected;' a[illegible] this in 1781. The story of the 'blue l[illegible] entitled to just as little credit, as this description of the form of New Haven. Peters says, that the 'blue laws,' and according to him, 'blue' is a contraction of 'bloody,' were never suffered to be printed. His copiers have carried them through the press, and furnished the law books with blue covers. But the early New Haven code was in fact printed; and it knows as little of these blue laws, as do the Colony records. The whole account is a pure fiction. Mr Wood, probably, found in some book, which he fell upon in New Haven, an extract from Peters about the 'blue laws of Connecticut,' and was deceived. Or, he might have read the passage respecting these laws, in the New Haven edition of Peters' History; for a catchpenny edition of this work, to the disgrace of all concerned, and of the town itself, has been published here within a few years, and an attempt made to impose on the public, by representing this license of misrepresentations, as entitled to some credit, as 'veracious history'—but others, beside Mr Wood, have been led into mistakes by Peters. Even Malte Brun has introduced into his geography from this author, the account that water, at a certain place in Connecticut river, is, without frost, so indurated by pressure against the rocks, that a crow-bar will float on its surface like cork. The capacity for belief, however, in this geographer seems to have been insufficient to receive the story without qualms, as he suggests a doubt, whether there is not here some exaggeration.

J. L. KINGSLEY.

CLERICAL CONVENTION AT WORCESTER.

It appears from the testimony of several of our most respectable friends and Brethren in Worcester County, to whom we are indebted for accounts of the proceedings and spirit of the late convention, that the statement which we copied last week from the Worcester Palladium was not entirely correct.

The Palladium is the only Worcester paper with which we exchange, or which falls under our notice; and, as we had not known that any objection was made to the account of the doings of the former Convention, which we prepared on the authority of that paper, and had never heard a syllable expressed against the credit of the Editor, (with whom we have no acquaintance) for fairness and accuracy, it naturally seemed to us to be a safe course to use, a second time, the material which his columns furnished for the information of our Readers. This, however, we should not have done, had we entertained the shadow of a hope that any of our Brethren would have furnished a paragraph on the subject for the Register. The alternative with us was, either to leave our Readers in the dark, or to adopt the statement of the Palladium.

What we wanted was the truth. A partial and party's account, whichsoever side it favored, it was not our desire or intention to give currency to. And it is, therefore, with very sincere pleasure that we now publish a view of the Convention counter to that which appeared in our last; and from the pen of one who had at least as favorable an opportunity of ascertaining and remembering the facts in the case, as had any person who was present at the meeting.

If it be true, as asserted by our friends, that the remarks of the Palladium were uttered for a *political purpose, and do gross injustice to many of the clergy of Worcester County*—we know that we shall be believed, when we say, that, sooner than have intentionally made the Register a vehicle for the furtherance of such unholy purposes, we would cast into the sea the right hand that has labored, however poorly, to spread words of truth, purity and love, upon its weekly page.

To the Editor of the Christian Register.

In your paper of Saturday last was an article, taken from the Worcester Palladium, giving some account of the recent Convention of Clergymen of Worcester County.

As that article is believed to convey an es-

sentially unjust and wrong impression of the doings of the Convention, you will confer a favor on some of your brethren by inserting this communication designed to present a simple statement of facts. It is made in the belief that the article from the Palladium will acquire a degree of authority, from the fact of its transfer to the columns of the Register, to which it is not entitled.

The article in question makes the grave charge against the majority of the Convention, that they 'gagged their brethren.' It is true that, after a discussion of three days, the *main* question was very generally called, and taken. But no amendment, no proposition, of the minority was thereby cut off. And whether that step is to be honestly construed as one which 'gagged' the members of the Convention, let the following facts be permitted to testify.

1. The first meeting of the Convention was held early in the month of December. Two days were then occupied in diligent discussion of the subject before them, in which discussion the minority had, at least, an equal share; as the report of that debate, portions of which have been copied into the Register, will suffice to show. The second meeting of the Convention was on tae 16th January. In the debate of that day, out of nine speakers, four were of the minority. These occupied fully one half of the time given to debate, and were attentively and courteously heard, as no candid person will deny. It appears then that the final decision, so far from being hurried, was protracted to an unusual length; and that an equal share of this time was occupied by the minority in the Convention.

2. On the day last named, a Committee appointed for that purpose, reported a Declartion of sentiments on the subject of American Slavery. The discussion which occupied the day was on the question of accepting this Report, nd adopting the Declaration it contained. Throughout the day, so far as the writer, and others then present, can recollect, *no word of objection*, was brought against the Report—its principles, language or spirit. There was a very general assent to its truths. The opposition was to the propriety and expediency of uttering these truths in concert. The writer may here quote the language in which a clergyman of our faith, whom we have been ever wont to hold in high esteem, characterized the Report. 'It is,' he said 'a manly, temperate and Christian-like exposition of views on the subject of slavery.' As it will shortly be published, no more need be said on this point.

Was it then so culpable a thing, on the part of the majority of the Convention, to call for a decision upon a document whose truth was not disputed, and whose spirit was generally commended? Let the question be decided, upon its real merits.

There are other parts of the article from the Palladium which fail of a just representation of the subject. But the present article is already sufficiently extended.

ONE OF THE CONVENTION.

EDUCATION LECTURES.

At the request of the Education Committee, of the Senate and House of Representatives, Rev. Charles Brooks of Hingham, delivered a lecture in the Representative's Hall, on the 25th of January. The following subject was ably and satisfactorily treated by the Lecturer, viz;

'What the town schools of Mass. can be and ought to be.'

With this subject was given an expose of our town school system as it should be. It was his object to suggest a more complete governmental organization; providing for a more minute supervision and for stronger local powers —for example, a secretary of public instruction, a Board of Education in every county, and school committees in every town. The chairmen of the several town committees should, ex officiis, constitute the county Board of Education. The chairmen of the several county boards should, ex officiis, constitute a 'State Council of education,' who should meet at Boston, once a year, for two or three days, to consult with the Secretary of Public Instruction. This plan would profitably connect each school in the state with every other.

He suggested, also, the desirableness of having the Legislature establish one seminary for the preparation of *Itinerant Lecturers*, whose duty, when qualified, it should be to deliver lectures in our town schools on all the topics of science, history and life, which would prepare the pupil for a proper introduction to his future duties. Each lecturer should take fifty schools, spending a week in a school; and in the evening he should lecture to the parents of the district so as to engage their cooperation in the holy cause of elementary education. Such a purposely-prepared school missionary would pour the breath of life into our dormant schools, and give specimens of teaching and government which would immediately elevate the character of these people's colleges. Philosophy and experience verify the truth of the Prussian maxim, '*As is the master so is the school.*'

Among other suggestions, he dwelt on the expediency of some mode of compulsion. Every American child should be able to read, write, cypher, and understand the Bible. Some towns have made this law, viz. if a child stays from school unnecessarily a half day in a week for three weeks in succession, such child shall be debarred school for the next three months. This plan secures the parents' watchfulness, for the attendance of the child. But he said that he should prefer to approach this difficult subject in the graceful and efficient manner, just adopted by the Emperor of Austria, who has issued a decree to this effect, vix. 'that no person, male or female, shall be married who cannot read, write, cypher, and make out and cast up a common account.'

He insisted, at length, that moral instruction is the true basis of perfect education.

We understand that Mr B. was urged to deliver a second lecture on the same subject—but declined.

We cannot but admire the zeal of our Rev. Brother in this cause, and hope and believe that it will not be without important results.

A SHORT CHAPTER OF PRACTICALS.

FROM THE TOP OF OUR ODD DRAWER.

Slavery is one, and not the chief, of a sisterhood of mighty evils, having a common and a more puissant mother, by whom alone they live; whose reign is to last but a thousand years and a day. The progeny will never be extirpated, fight as men may, till the parent herself be slain. The *sword of the spirit* is the only instrument that can find her monstrous heart. All who use this heartily, have one work and have no right to quarrel with each other.

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He is not the true Freeman, who shouts loudest for liberty, curses oppression in the deepest tones, and rides the rising whirlwind of Reform—but he who binds on the fetters of principle, yokes his feelings to his reason, waits often calmly in his career and his speech to catch the clear echo of his footsteps and his words from the approving Heavens, and never outruns the fear of God and the love of man.

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You may find party-men every where, and they will be clamorous for you to put on their collar, and you will find it hard to resist their sweet offers and bitter chidings; but no sooner will you have put on their badge, than they will cast you off, and your own self will hardly receive yourself from their hands.—You will have far to seek for men of truth and wholeness, who wear God's livery; and they will not revile you, nor flatter you if you are not one of them, nor make great ado to win your little name—but make all haste to join their holy company, for they will honor and embrace your soul deeply and faithfully forever, and return you to yourself one of the never-extinct race of Kings.

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The great cause will surely find great pleaders—I, for one, will look to it that the lesser be not neglected.

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The dying Pauper complained to me that while all the world was running mad for *principles*, and assailing Heaven and Congress with prayersfor moral and political reform,he had roamed about the streets of his native city for months, friendless and starving, and had pressed his bundle of straw, for these many cheerless nights, with no nurse but the King of kings. My young brother, said he, God will be better served, and more honored, if a few of your rising age will venture to leave to His care the stars and the States, and save Him from midnight service of such wretches as myself.

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The most intense action of Deity is upon those who dwell nearest to Himself, and the holiest and happiest spirits surround His throne, while at the same time the illimitable Universe feels His hallowing and blissful energy—So the man of God on earth, is a centre of light and joy, diffusing his benign and lively influences without intermission or limit, yet ever smiling most brightly upon the circle of his immediate companions, and producing his richest moral results upon the hearts that cling the closest to his own.

THE LATE CHIEF JUSTICE PARSONS.

We entirely sympathise with our correspondent, in respect for the memory of Judge Parsons, as well as in esteem for *Law and Justice*. The anecdote to which he alludes, was copied into the Register, just as it was found in the columns of the Watchtower, where it was stated as being original, and upon whose authority it was supposed to be correctly given. It appeared to us be a *good* story in the version which the Watchtower gave—but it appears *better* in that of our correspondent (if it be more exactly true) of which we have no doubt.

Mr Editor,—Permit me to correct an error in the statement of a 'respected octogenarian' relating to Judge Parsons, which was copied from the Watchtower into the Register of the last week.

It appears, that this distinguished Judge, whose high sense of rectitude was in just keeping with his unrivalled legal attainments, was engaged, while a Practitioner at the Bar, as counsel in a cause, which he opened with some disparaging reflections on the opposite party, whose character it was well known was not without reproach. This individual, having lost this cause, and having another of a different nature pending before the same court, applied to Mr Parsons to undertake it for him, to which the latter agreed. When the cause came on, Mr Parsons in addressing the Jury spoke in such favorable terms of his client, that the Judge (R. T. Paine) reminded him of what different opinions he had expressed in the previous cause. 'May it please your honor,' said the advocate, '*if I was wrong then*, I hope I may be permitted to put myself right now.'

This, I believe, Mr Editor, is the true version of this little story, as it is told me by a friend who was present, or at least personally acquainted with the circumstances. As related by the correspondent of the Watertower, it has, like many other good stories, somewhat more of point than of truth. It is cited moreover, as another evidence of the '*glorious uncertainties of the law.*' But it must be noted, that though the individual, who in the one case gained, and in the other lost, was the same, yet *his two causes were wholly different*; and Judge Parsons with all his skill and subtlety as a Lawyer, was incapable of calling white, black, or of confounding moral distinctions.

For myself, Mr Editor, I confess to a love of a *good* story; but when it goes to affect the good name of a great man, or when it would weaken confidence in such good things as law and justice, I am apt to doubt whether it be true.

Yours, NO LAWYER.

Obituary from Northboro, next week.

Quarterly for Oct., and all late periodicals, at Weeks, Jordan & Co's.

THE MAN OF LEISURE AND THE PALE BOY.

The short article bearing this title, which may be found on our last page, inculcates a most excellent moral, and very forcibly too, by a few striking and yet delicate touches.

It will furnish a very good subject for conversation between some teacher and his class tomorrow; or, if the sketch is filled out a little as may easily be done, it will afford material for a useful and interesting '*general lesson.*' It is one of the most affecting illustrations of the habit of procrastination, that we have ever met with.

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, Monday, Jan. 22. Hon. John Black, of Mississippi resigned his seat in the Senate.

A number of petitions, praying for the abolition of Slavery in the District, as well as remonstrances against the annexation of Texas, were presented, and laid on the table. Mr Morris of Ohio, presented an enormous pile of these 'incendiary torches,' as Mr Preston calls them, all of which, he said, had been forwarded to him since the debate on Mr Calhoun's resolutions. Ohio, he said, would stand up as one man in defence of the right of petition. The signers were neither fanatics nor incendiaries, but highly respectable, and if the petitions were to be returned to him, under the motion to lay the question of reception on the table, he would send them home to the signers. The Chair said that they would not be returned to the Senator, but remain with the Secretary. Mr Morris said he was quite satisfied,

There was some conversation on Cherokee affairs; and Mr Grundy's bill for preventing accidents by the explosion of steamboats, which is progressing slowly, was considered, and some of its details matured.

In the House, the Cherokee treaty was under discussion, and the Mississippi election question was further debated.

The Senate, on Tuesday, proceeded to the consideration of Mr Grundy's bill for preventing accidents from the explosion of steamboat boilers.

The House was engaged, in Committee of the Whole, debating a bill from the Committee of Ways and Means, making a partial appropriation for the suppression of Indian hostilities for the present year. This bill proposes an appropriation of only a million of dollars; and there is another bill making an appropriation of $2,800,000

In the Senate on Wednesday, Mr Grundy's bill for the protection of passengers in vessels propelled by steam, was taken up and passed.

The bill to authorize certain persons to make experiments to test the usefulness and strength of steamboat boilers, was also taken up and passed.

The Chair laid before the Senate a series of resolutions adopted by the citizens of Georgetown, remonstrating against the discussion of slavery and abolition in Congress, and against the proceedings of the abolitionists in the different States. Laid on the table.

In the House, the bill making appropriations for the suppression of Indian hostilities, was debated, and the bill passed to be engrossed. A bill was reported for making an appropriation (of $625,500) for the protection of the Northern frontier of the U. States.

In Senate, on Thursday, a number of Anti-Slavery and anti-annexation petitions were presented, and laid on the table. The Schlosser outrage was brought up again, and the subject referred.

The Senate then took up the bill providing for increase of the military establishment of the United States, passed it, and sent it to the House for concurrence.

In the House, the resolution authorizing the President to open a negotiation with Denmark, in reference to three prizes taken by John Paul Jones, was taken up and adopted.

Mr Howard reported the Senate bill for enforcing the observance of our neutral obligations.

Mr Wise reported a joint resolution proposing an amendment to the constitution, which shall prohibit the Executive from nominating or appointing any senator or representative in Congress, to office during the term of such senator's or representative's service, and for two years thereafter. The resolution was read twice, referred to the committee of the whole, and ordered to be printed.

The House then proceeded to the consideration of the Mississippi election case.

Nothing was done in either House on Friday, of much importance. In the Senate, there was a discussion on the bill granting pre-emption rights to settlers on the public lands, and in the House, the Mississippi election question was further debated.

In the Senate, on Saturday, the pre-emption bill was debated with earnestness through the day. The principle of the bill was vigorously opposed by Mr Clay and others, but it was finally ordered to be engrossed by a vote of 26 to 12. (The general feature of this bill was to allow pre-emption to all settlers on the public lands, prior to the first of December last.)

In the House, several private bills were reported. The resolution for the supply of books to members was further debated, and after some modification was passed, yeas 113, nays 71. The House then proceeded to the further consideration of the question of the Mississippi election. Mr Maury made a few remarks in favor of the right of the claimants, but declined going into an argument, from a belief that the House were anxious to take the question. Mr Brownson followed in support of the claim of the sitting members, and continued his speech until after three o'clock, when he gave way for a motion for adjournment.

MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.

In Senate, Thursday Jan. 25th, the Senate was occupied principally on the Bank Commissioner's bill.

In the House, the bill for the abolition of capital punishment for the crimes of highway robbery and burglary, was taken up, and the debate on its passage to a third reading, was commenced.

In the Senate, on Friday, on motion of Mr Goodrich of Norfolk, Messrs Motley of Suffolk, and King of Essex, were appointed a Committee, to be joined by the House, to investigate the doings and affairs of the Roxbury Bank, with power to send for persons and papers.

In the House, Mr Savage of Boston, from the Select Committee on the memorial of the Associated Banks, reported a bill prohibiting the Banks from paying any dividends during the suspension of specie payments, under a penalty of forfeiting to the Commonwealth a sum for each offence, equal to the amount of the dividend paid. The bill was read once, and ordered to a second reading. The capital punishment bill was then taken up and further discussed.

In the Senate, on Saturday, nothing important was done.

In the House, the most interesting debate of the session, occurred on the presentation of the following order, by Mr Park of Boston:

Ordered, That the committee on the memorial of the Associated Banks, consider the expediency of requiring the said Association to dissolve its alliance, and to report forthwith.

Messrs Park, Savage, and Sturgis, of Boston, Chapman of Greenfield, Livermore of Cambridge, Allen of Northfield, Hubbard of Pittsfield, Duncan of Haverhill, Rising of Worthington, and other gentlemen, took part in the discussion.

The order was finally modified by the mover, so as to instruct the committee to report, as soon as possible, the ground on which the association of the Boston Banks is now formed, and what benefits, if any, have been derived, or may be expected, from its continuance. In this shape the order was unanimously passed.

The Senate, on Monday, discussed the Bank Commissioner Bill.

In the House, on motion of Mr Savage of Boston, Messrs Willis of Fitchburg, Clark of Boston, and Carlton of Haverhill, were appointed a Committee to investigate the doings and affairs of the Kilby Bank.

On Tuesday, the Senate was engaged in the further consideration of the Bank Commissioners bill, and the House in debating the bill for the abolition of capital punishment, in cases of highway robbery and burglary.

In the Senate, on Wednesday, the bill relating to post notes was passed, with amendments, to be engrossed—yeas 33, nay 1—and sent down for concurrence.

The bill relating to Bank Commissioners was again taken up, and after amendment was passed to be engrossed—yeas 31, nay 1. Sent down for concurrence.

In the House, Mr Curtis of Boston, from the Committee on the Judiciary, who were directed by an order of the 24th inst. to consider the expediency of so amending the Bank law, that the Legislature may from time to time make such alterations as they may deem necessary in the laws regulating Banks and Banking, and of requiring the assent of the Banks thereto,—made a report thereon, concluding that it is not expedient to make the amendment proposed; which report was read, laid on the table, and 3000 copies thereof directed to be printed.

The bill to establish the punishment of highway robbery and burglary was again taken up, and discussed, and the further consideration thereof postponed to Thursday, 11 o'clock.

INTELLIGENCE.

Maine.—Gov. Kent delivered his Address to the Legislature of Maine on Monday. The document is too long for insertion, and too well written for abstract. The subjects of the currency,—the suspension of specie payments by the Banks,—the public lands of the State,—the increase of mobs,—the militia,—the Northeast Boundary,—the poor debtor law, and many other matters, local, and pertaining to the State, are commented upon, and presented to the consideration of the Legislature, with much force and ability. He pays a high tribute to the memory of ex-Governor Lincoln, whose remains are deposited on the public grounds, 'without a stone to mark the spot,' and recommends that some memorial, simple as his character, and solid as his fame, be erected by the State he served, whose rights he maintained, with honest zeal and unshaken fidelity, and in whose service he died. —*Daily Advertiser.*

New Jersey Legislature.—The House of Assembly of New Jersey has passed to be engrossed, by a decided majority, the bill to repeal the prohibition of small bills.

Public Executions.—The Judiciary Committee of the Senate of Indiana, have made quite a full report to that body, upon the subject of abolishing public executions, and have reported a bill for that purpose. The Committee quote the last Message of Governor Vance in support of the views taken by them.

Atlantic Steam Navigation.—At last the long talked of attempt to navigate the Atlantic by steam, is certainly on the point of being made. Lieut J. Hosken, of the Royal Navy, arrived here on Thursday, from Liverpool, in the Garrick, for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements for the reception of the 'Great Western steam ship,' and for keeping up an intercourse, by her means, with Great Britain. She is already built, and is now in London taking in her machinery. Having accomplished the object of his present voyage, Lieut. Hosken will immediately return and assume the command of this vessel, in which he expects to arrive at this port in the course of the month of April next. Her points of departure are Bristol and New-York. She is about 1350 tons burden, and it is calculated will carry about 600 tons of coal.—*N. Y. Courier & Enquirer.*

Key West.—A letter from Key West, dated the 11 ult. says, 'as to the war, the Floridians, in this quarter think it no nearer an end than last year. Many of those wounded in the late battle have died.'

Episcopal Convention.—A convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Eastern Diocese, composed of the clergy and delegates from the churches in Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island, has been in session in St. Paul's Church in this city, from Wednesday morning to last evening, deliberating upon the important subject of the election of an Assistant Bishop, of that Diocese, for which election the convention was especially held. The Convention was very fully attended by delegates from Rhode Island; but a large number of the members from Massachusetts, believing the proceedings to be illegal, declined attending and sent a written protest against any proceedings in relation to the election of an assistant Bishop. Protests were also presented by other members from Massachusetts who were present in the convention, and one from the corporation of Trinity Church in this city. The convention decided not to proceed in an election, but recommended that the association be dissolved at the decease of the present Bishop leaving each of the four states at liberty to choose a Bishop for itself. They agreed however to nominate the Rev. Alonzo Potter, D. D. formerly Rector of St. Paul's Church in this city, to be presented to some one of the States for election as Bishop of that state, and to act as Assistant Bishop of the associated diocese during the life of Bishop Griswold.

In reference to the bill now pending in our Legislature, on the subject of Bank Commissioners, the editor of the Boston Daily Advertiser makes the following remarks, the first part of which have a bearing on the measures of our Banks, now generally supposed to be in operation, for the resumption of specie payments.

What is most necessary, is, to restore unlimited confidence. This can be done only by showing that it is deserved. Although there is at present no particular ground to distrust any of the banks in this State, and although as general a confidence is reposed in their solvency, as in the general embarrassed state of affairs could be expected, there are cases in which further information, or some better assurance is desired, than is afforded by the periodical returns of the condition of the banks. For obtaining this information, and the confidence which would be afforded by the report of competent and disinterested examiners, no better method has been suggested than the appointment of a board of commissioners, as proposed in the bill now before the legislature.

Such a measure was proposed at the last session of the legislature. It is much to be regretted that it was not then adopted. It is not improbable that it might have prevented much mischief, and it would have relieved many serious apprehensions. The sooner the measure is now adopted, we think, the better. Examinations may be made of the condition of banks, by such a board, much better than by a committee of the legislature, and in a manner to excite no alarm, unless it shall be found by the examination that there is ground for it. It is much to be desired that this bill may pass without delay.

A writer in the Daily Advertiser, has the following remarks on the return to specie payments.

That the paper currency of the whole nation is in excess—having in six or seven years been extended from 60 to 185,000,000,—there can, I apprehend, be no doubt, nor can we resume specie payments and maintain them, till it has been diminished. It has been diminished the past six months in some parts of the country, where the Banks had over issued, and it must be still further reduced; but this is not the work of a day, and care should be taken that in the difficult process of returning to a safe and sound currency, we shall not prepare the way for a state of things, which will compel the country to a repetition of that catastrophe from which we are now recovering.

Arrivals at New York bring English papers to Dec. 25th The following summary of news is from the Evening Transcript.

The Cotton market was more active. Good mercantile paper was discounted at 4 per cent. per annum.

Parliament had adjourned over for the Christmas holidays, to meet again on the 11th of January, instead of the 1st of February as originally intended—in consequence of the state of affairs in Canada.

The project of steam communication with India, through the Red Sea, has been successfully accomplished, and is now in full operation. The last communication was effected in forty-three days, including the stoppage at Alexandria.

On the 11th a message was read in Parliament from the Queen, in the House of Lords, asking a provision for the Duchess of Kent. Lord Melbourne stated the intention of ministers to grant the Duchess £8000 per annum additional, making her income £30,000. Agreed to.

Lord Brougham read a petition from the Baptist missionaries in Jamaica, praying for the immediate abolition of negro apprenticeship. Lord Aberdeen asked what steps had been taken to promote education among the slave population of the West India colonies. Lord Glenelg replied that sums of money had been applied to this object, upon principles which met general approbation; and that Mr Latrobe, the distinguished traveller, had been sent to the colonies as inspector over these matters.

Mr Hume presented a petition signed by 3217 inhabitants of Newfoundland, complaining of grievous oppression endured by the Catholics, from judicial authorities. Mr O'Connell said he knew the assertions of the petition to be true, and that the Chief Justice of Newfoundland had placed himself at the head of a most bitter and malignant persecution against the Catholics.

On the 14th, in the House of Lords, Lord Lansdowne moved the second reading of the bill for the relief of Quakers and Moravians from civil disabilities on account of the test acts.

Lord Gosford, Gov. of Lower Canada, had asked leave to resign, and an order had been sent, granting permission. No successor had been appointed, but the government would devolve on Sir John Colbourne.

France.—The French Chambers were opened on Monday, Dec. 17. Louis Phillippe delivered a speech of unusual length. More precautions were taken than ever before, to secure the person of the King from danger. At particular points the crowd were kept two hundred yards off. All the Paris Police were out, and not a citizen was permitted on the whole route—half a mile.

The New York Star has the following synopsis of the King's speech: His Majesty states that France is 'free and tranquil'—the empire of the laws restored—her institutions gaining strength. The 'great act, the amnesty,' the 'impulse of my heart,' he says, 'has proved the strength of my government.' The relations with foreign powers never promised a more durable peace. The Queen Regent of Spain 'supports with becoming courage and perseverance the rights of her august daughter.' The stipulations of the quadruple alliance are faithfully fulfilled. The marriage of his son, the Duke of Orleans, and of his daughter Marie, fulfil his expectations. Of the Duke of Nemours, at Constantine, he says he 'took the part which belonged to him in the danger.' He recommends a testimonial of gratitude to the widow and children of Damremont. Says that Gen. Vallee, the 'old soldier,' never saw a more gallant action than that of Constantine. In Africa a convention has been concluded with France, and it is faithfully observed. A squadron has been sent to Hayti 'to smooth the difficulties' with that power, and another is going to Mexico, to secure the French trade in that quarter. A treaty of commerce is concluded with Bolivia, and he hopes to effect the same successively with all the South American republics. The finances of France are prosperous, and the revenues have increased. He calls the attention of the Chambers to the amelioration of the penitentiary system, to the public works, &c. He says he never found himself summoned by the Chambers under more favorable circumstances.

WARREN STREET CHAPEL.

The 12th Lecture will be delivered on Tuesday Evening by Hon. Horace Mann. Subject, Education.

Tickets may be had at the door.

*** Mr Russell will give a lecture on Elocution—introductory to a course of Readings and Recitations—at the Temple, on the evening of Monday, the 5th Feb., at 7 o'clock.—Admission free.

Parents and teachers, and persons who take an interest in Elocution, are respectfully invited to attend.

Boston, 1st Feb. 1838.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr Croswell, Mr John Faxon to Miss Sarah H. Clark.

In Medfield, by Rev. Mr Sewall, Mr John P. Bowker, Jr. of this city, to Miss Sarah P. Peters, of M.

In Groton, 26th ult. by Rev. Mr Robinson, Mr Joseph F. Hall, Jr. to Miss Sarah L Longley.

In Rindge, N. H. 1st ult. Mr George Farrar, of Boston, to Miss Mary A. Darling.

At New Orleans, Mr Jose M. Betancourt to Miss Elizabeth M. Horton, of this city.

DEATHS.

In this city, Jan. 10th, Thomas Lamb Jr., 3 years and 7 months; Jan. 29th, Hannah Elliot Lamb, 18 months—children of Thomas and Hannah Davis Lamb of this city.

In this city, John, son of Mr George Pratt, 5 years.

On Monday last, Charles Ogden, only son of Mr Benjamin Balch, of New York, 8 months.

In Lexington, Mrs Lucy Still, wife of Mr William Salisbury, 41.

At Marblehead, Mr Nathaniel Phillips, 77; Mr George Cash, 82—revolutionary soldiers.

At Essex, John Choate Esq. formerly of Ipswich, 73.

At Nantucket, 23d ult. Capt. George Washington Gardner, 64.

In Newburyport, 5th ult. Mrs Sarah, relict of the late Captain Henry Lunt.

In Edgartown, 10th ult. Samuel Smith, Esq. about 80. He has been Register of Deeds for 47 years.

In Mercer, Me., Mrs Susannah, 74, wife of the late Daniel Burr, and daughter of the late Elijah Danforth, of Norton, Mass.

In Calais, Me. 20th ult. Mrs Abigail, widow of the late James Wheaton, Esq. of Providence, 77.

At his residence, in Westchester, N. Y. 26th ult. Capt. Simeon Coleman formerly of Nantucket, 62.

At Fort Dade, Florida, Dec. 14, Lieut. Thomas B. Adams, of the 2d regiment of U. S. Artillery. He was the son of Hon. Thomas B. Adams, of Mass. and grandson of John Adams.

GAME OF LIFE, or the Chess Players. A few copies of this beautiful moral etching, being the balance of the edition. For sale at the Literary Rooms.
feb 3 WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.

BIBLE NEWS.

TWELVE copies are all that remain of the edition of Rev. Noah Worcester's *Bible News*—bound in cloth. They are for sale at the Subscriber's store, 134 Washington street. BENJ. H. GREENE.
feb 3

SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, CAMBRIDGE.

THE Spring Quarter commences on Monday the 26th inst.

Number of Boarding scholars limited to twelve.

Refer to Sidney Willard, A. B. Muzzey, J T. Buckingham, Chas. Everett, J. Livermore, R. M. Hodges, A. Rice.—*Trustees.*

D. MACK, *Principal.*
Cambridge, Dana House, Feb 3 4t

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Ferdinand and Isabella 3 vols. 8vo.
Carlyle's History of the French Revolution 2 vols 12mo.
Sartor Resartus 1 vol. 12mo. 2d. edition.
Flora's Dictionary beautiful colored plates 4to.
Wonders of the Heavens folio.
Ripleys Notes vol. 2d. 12mo.
Home by Miss Sedgwick, 12th edition 16mo.
Lady Blessington's Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman and Lady 2 vols.
James' Life of Cardinal de Retz 2 vols. 12mo.
Massachusetts Register for 1838 16mo.
Boston Almanac for 1838 24mo.
American Almanac for 1838 12mo.
Holmes' Dissertations 1 vol. 8vo.
Yankee Notions 1 vol. 16mo.
The Clock Maker 1 vol. 16mo
Palfreys Lectures vol. 1 8vo.
Love Token, by Miss Sedgwick 16mo.
Lamb's Life and Letters 2 vols. 12mo.
Love Chase, by J. S. Knowles, 12mo.
The Blind Girl 16mo.
New England Village in the last Century 16mo.
The Sunday School Guide by A. B. Mussey.
Youngs Mans' Friend 2d ed. by A. B. Mussey.
Peirce's Geometry 1 vol. 12mo.
Peirce's Algebra 1 vol 12mo.
Bulwer's New Work Leila 1vol. 12mo.
For sale at the Boston Bookstore by James Munroe & Co. No 134 Washington street. feb 3.

NEW BOOKS.

CONSTANCE Latimer, or the Blind Girl, with other tales, by Mrs Emma C. Embury, published for the benefit of the New York Institution for the instruction of the Blind; Bowen's Picture of Boston —3d edition, Engravings; A Manual of Prayer, for young persons, by Rev. A. Barnes; Berkley the Banker, by Harriet Martineau; Roberts's Embassy to China, 8vo; Lamb's Works, 2 vols—new editions; Carlyle's History of the French Revolution 2 vols; Wm. H. Prescott's History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, 3 vols 8vo: Stevens's Incidents of Travel, 2 vols plates For sale by WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. 121 Washington street. feb 3

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW, for Jan. this day received at the Literary Rooms. This number contains a full length Portrait of Hon. Wm. C. Rives, and articles from Whittier, Hathorne, Sedgwick, Bryant, Key, &c—$5 per annum, in advance, monthly, over 150 pages.
feb 3 WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.

BLACKWOOD and Metropolitan, for December, with their usual variety of matter.
Medico—Chirurgical Review, vol 31, No 70.
Waldie's Select Circulating Library, No 3—containing Fielding on Society.
Together with new supplies of all the current Periodicals. WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.
feb 3 Agents for all popular Periodicals.

ELOCUTION.

A CLASS for the instruction of young gentlemen in Elocution, will be formed at Chauncy Hall, Chauncy Place, on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 7th February, at 3 o'clock, and will continue to meet on the afternoons of Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Terms.—For pupils over ten years of age, eight dollars for the *first* course of lessons, occupying ten weeks; for pupils under ten, six dollars; for pupils attending a *second*, or any subsequent course, Five dollars.

Boston, Jan'y 27th, 1838.
WILLIAM RUSSELL.

*** *Mr R. may be found daily in the forenoon, at Chauncy Hall School.*

NEW MISSIONARY WORK.—Just published, a new and intensely interesting work on the South Sea Missions, entitled a Narrative of Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands; with remarks upon the Natural History of the Islands; Origin, Languages, Traditions and Usages of the Inhabitants.—By John Williams, of the London Missionary Society. 'And idols he shall utterly abolish,' Isaiah ii. 18. Illustrated with a map and engravings on wood, by G. Baxter. First American edition. With an Introductory Essay, by Rev. Wm Adams, of Brown st. Church—One handsome 8vo volume, extra cloth.

The indefatigable author of this work, having travelled a hundred thousand miles, and spent eighteen years in promoting the spread of the Gospel, presents it to all who take an interest in the progress of Christianity, as a faithful record of the scenes he had witnessed, and the images and impressions which exist in his mind. In his own words, 'he has endeavored to take his reader with him to each of the Islands he has visited—to make him familiar with their chiefs and people—to show him what a missionary life is—and to awaken in his mind emotions similar to those which successively filled his own'

For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington st. feb 3

NEW BOOKS.

Charles Lamb's Works, 2 vols 8vo.
Incidents of Travel, by Stevens—3d edition.
Miss Sedgwick's New books.
James's New Work—The Christian Professor.
Woman as she should be: by Hubbard Winslow.
Roberts's Embassy to China.
Recollections of a Southern Matron.
Burr's Life, by Davis, 2 vols.
Boylston Prize Dissertations, by Holmes.
History of English Language and Literature.
Stage Coach, by Sargent.
For sale at Ticknor's corner of Washington and School streets. jan 27

FOR $1, 720 pages of excellent reading matter, viz: Three Experiments of Living; Ellinor Fulton, or Sequel to Three Experiments; the Harcourts; the Savings Bank and other stories, and Worth a Million—forming the five parts of Stories from Real Life, just completed. Publishers,
feb 3 WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.

THE NEW YORK REVIEW,—Devoted to the interests of sound Literatnre and Religion. Edited by Rev. C. S. Henry and Francis L. Hawks, D. D. The January number is published and contains the following articles:—

1. Trade's Union. 2. Retrospective Criticism. 3. Origin and Progress of Popular Liberty. 4. Coleridge's literary remains. 5. Old English Literature. 6. German Biblical Criticism. 7. The Roman Church. 8. Aaron Burr. 9. Charles Lamb. 10. Critical Notices of eighteen new works.

Price Five dollars a year, published in Boston by JAMES MUNROE & CO.
f 3 Boston Bookstore, 134 Washington st

GREENWOOD'S HYMNS.

G. W. PALMER & CO. have just published the twenty-third edition of '*A Collection of Psalms and Hymns for Christian Worship,*' by Rev. F. W. P. GREENWOOD.

This collection of Psalms and Hymns has been universally approved, by all persons who have examined it; and has given great satisfaction where it has been used.

The following are some of the societies and towns in which the book is in use, viz.—King's Chapel, (Rev. F. W. P. Greenwood;) Hollis street Society (Rev. J. Pierpont;) Second Society (Rev. C. Robbins;) New South Society (Rev. A. Young;) Federal St. Society (Rev. Dr Channing;) *Boston.*—Cambridge, East Cambridge, Cambridge Port, Roxbury, Milton, Dorchester, Chelsea, Marshfield, Watertown, Brookfield, Brighton, Weston, Lowell, Lexington, Newburyport, Scituate, Sandwich, Sherburne, Uxbridge, Medfield, Lancaster, Chelmsford, Hingham, Ashby, Andover, Dover, Northboro', Bedford, Ipswich, Greenfield, Beverly, *Mass.*—Portsmouth, Walpole, *N. H.* Portland, Hallowell, Augusta, Bangor, Castine, *Me.*—Hartford, *Conn.*—Providence, Newport, *R. I.*—Brattleboro' *Vt.*—Richmond, *Va.*—Savannah, *Geo.*—Mobile, *Ala.*—Alton, *Ill.*—and many other places in New England and the Southern and Western States.

The book has lately been enlarged by the addition of about sixty Hymns. Societies or Clergymen wishing to examine it will be supplied with a copy *gratis*, by applying to the Publishers, Boston, 131 Washington St. (up stairs.) f 3

1838. *WALDIE'S LIBRARY—SPECIAL NOTICE.*

THE half year of this economical work, just closed contains Crichton by Ainsworth, Carnes's Letters from the East, Memoirs of a Traveller, The Destroyer, Edom on the Prophecies, Gurney Papers, Miss Pardoe's City of the Sultan, Miss Stickney's Pretensions, Excerpts, Respectability, St Lawrence, Adventures of a Day, and a great variety of miscellaneous articles. These works, in the cheapest book form cost Twenty Dollars—in Waldie's Library they are furnished for Two Dollars and Fifty Cents.

A new volume, containing Fielding on Society, which costs 3 75, has just commenced, and is delivered to subscribers in Boston free of expense for postage, or mailed for any part of New England by
WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.
feb 3 New England Publishers.

POETRY.

From the Plymouth Herald.

O! THE WINTER'S COMING FAST, JEAN!

O! the winter's coming fast, Jean,
And a' looks drearily;
But we maun meet the blast, Jean,—
And meet it cheerily.
We've braved it aft afore, Jean,
When scant were malt and meal;
And our plaids—were they na poor, Jean?
But the cauld we did na feel.
O! the cauld we did na feel, Jean,
And we'll na heed now the weather;
Our hearts are fond and leal, Jean,
And we're a' to ane anither.

Oh! the winter's gloom is sair, Jean,
And our fire-side blinks na bright;
Wad the warld na say that here, Jean,
Cam joy nor day nor night?
But there's a blessed flame, Jean,
They canna feel nor see,
Makes light our lowly hame, Jean,
As lordly hall can be.
Our bairns, our souls delight, Jean,
They winna pine wi' cauld;
Oh! where's a fire so bright Jean,
As a parent's bosom fauld?

O! the winter's snow is deep, Jean,
Our fields are cover'd o'er;
And many hearts must weep, Jean,
Gin they are fause and poor.
But a kind ane aboon a', Jean,
Will let's want malt nor meal,
Gin our conscience has na flaw, Jean,
And our hearts are fond and leal.
So though our state be low, Jean,
We'll heed na wintry weather;
We've hearts will brave our woe, Jean,
And we're a' to ane anither.

MISCELLANEOUS.

KINDRED BETWEEN GEOLOGY AND RELIGION.

'It has been as beautifully as truly said, that the undevout astronomer is mad.' The same remark might with equal force and justice be applied to the undevout geologist. Of all the absurdities ever started, none more extravagant can be named, than that, the grand and far-reaching researches and discoveries of geology, are hostile to the spirit of religion. They seem to us, on the very contrary, to lead the inquirer, step by step, into the more immediate presence of that tremendous Power, which could alone produce, and can alone account for the primitive convulsion of the globe, of which the proofs are graven in eternal characters, on the side of its bare and cloud-piercing mountains, or are wrought into the very substance of the strata that compose its surface, and which are also day by day, and hour by hour, at work, to feed the fires of the volcano, to pour forth its molten tides, or to compound the salubrious elements of the mineral fountains, which spring in a thousand valleys. In gazing at the starry heavens, all glorious as they are, we sink under the awe of their magnitude, the mystery of their secret and reciprocal influences, the bewildering conceptions of their distances. Sense and science are at war. The sparkling gem, that glitters on the brow of night, is converted by science into a mighty orb—the source of light and heat, the centre of attraction, the sun of a system like our own. The beautiful planet which lingers in the western sky, when the sun has gone down, or heralds the approach of morning—whose mild and lovely beams seem to shed a spirit of tranquillity, not unmixed with sadness, nor far removed from devotion, into the very heart of him who wanders forth in solitude to behold it—is in the contemplation of science a cloud-wrapt sphere; a world of rugged mountains and stormy deeps. We study, we reason, we calculate. We climb the giddy scaffold of induction, up to the very stars. We borrow the wings of the boldest analysis and flee to the uppermost parts of creation, and then shutting our eyes on the radiant points that twinkle in the vaults of night, the well constructed mind sees opening before it, in mental vision, the stupendous mechanism of the heavens. Its planets swell into worlds. Its crowded stars recede, expand, become central suns, and we hear the rush of the mighty orbs that circle round them: The bands of Orion are loosed, and the sparkling rays, which cross each other on his belt, are resolved into floods of light, streaming from system to system, across the illimitable pathway of the outer heavens. The conclusions which we reach, are oppressively grand and sublime; the imagination sinks under them; the truth is too vast, too remote from the premises, from which it is deducted; and man, poor frail man, sinks back to the earth, and sighs to worship again, with the innocence of a child, or Chaldean shepherd, the quiet and beautiful stars, as he sees them in the simplicity of sense.—*Edward Everett.*

[From the Sunday School Journal.]

THE OPENING PRAYER.

A very accurate report of a sermon by the late Rev. Mr James, rector of Christ's Church, Philadelphia, before the Sunday school teachers of that city, was published in the Sunday school Journal soon after; but as the statement of his own obligation to the Sunday school gave a particular interest to that discourse, it seems proper to record the very words of the lamented speaker, which were as follows:—

'A young man who had been piously educated, and whose religious impressions had been strong in early life, while at college mingled in gay society, and with worldly companions; so that in a short time seriousness left him, and he ceased from prayer. His college life was marked by no very peculiar circumstances. He graduated as worldly and careless as his classmates, although at times his conscience spoke with the still small voice that all was not right. He removed to a distant city, and commenced the study of law. Being ambitious, and desirous of attaining eminence in the profession which he had chosen, he secluded himself from society; not on account of its contaminating influence, but solely to preserve his time from unnecessary waste. While thus engaged, he became acquainted with a pious young man, who was a superintendent of a Sunday school. After a short interval his friend left the city, and he was requested to supply the place of superintendent; as it was supposed that he, being a graduate, would be competent for the station. After much persuasion he reluctantly consented; and the Lord's day found him in the school, entirely unacquainted with the duties to be discharged. He asked what was to be done, and was told that he must open the school with prayer. He started and turned pale. He had been taught by his mother to pray, but he had forgotten how. He had not prayed for himself, and was now called to pray for others. He must proceed. By the aid of the prayer-book, he succeeded; but his heart allowed him no rest. He had engaged, and would not retire from the work. For some weeks he suffered the lashes of a guilty and awakened conscience; until at length, by the assistance of the blessed Spirit, he was enabled to give up all for Christ. He retained his office of superintendent for more than a year; then at length, after a course of theology, received holy orders, and was settled in one of the Atlantic cities, where he is engaged in winning souls to the Savior, and now, blessed be God! he has he satisfaction of addressing this assemblage of superintendents and teachers.'

TRUTH IS POWER.

Some men may say that wealth is power, some that knowledge is power, some that talent is power: but there is an apothegm that I would place on high above them all, when I assert that *truth* is power. Wealth cannot purchase, talent refute, knowledge cannot overreach, authority cannot silence her: they all, like Felix, tremble at her presence. Fling her into the most tremendous billows of popular commotion, cast her into the seven-fold heated furnace of the tyrant's wrath; she mounts aloft in the ark upon the summit of the deluge; she walks with the Son of God untouched through the conflagration; she is the ministering spirit who sheds on man that bright and indestructible principle of life, light and glory, which is given by its mighty Author, to animate, to illuminate and inspire the immortal soul; and which, like himself, is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. The Bible, in the school of the parish minister, is as far beyond the philosophy of the schools, as the expanse of heaven is above the surface of this little earth, and the interests of eternity beyond the trifles of an hour. If ever the cause of truth is to be maintained on earth, it is against a system which dares invade the liberties of man as an immortal being, and which robs him and his children of their best and noblest privilege, the full, pure, and perfect word of God.—*Rev. R. Daly.*

THE MAN OF LEISURE AND THE PALE BOY.

'You'll please not to forget to ask the place for me, sir,' said a pale, blue-eyed boy, as he brushed the coat of the Man of Leisure at his lodgings.

'Certainly not,' said Mr Inklin, 'I shall be going that way in a day or two.'

'Did you ask for the place for me yesterday?' said the pale boy, on the following day, with a quivering lip, as he performed the same office.

'No,' was the answer. 'I was busy, but I will to-day.'

'Heaven help my poor mother,' murmured the boy, as he gazed listlessly on the cent Mr Inklin laid in his hand.

The boy went home. He ran to the hungry children with the loaf of bread he had earned by brushing the gentlemen's coats at the hotel. They shouted with joy, and his mother held out her emaciated hand for a portion, while a sickly smile flitted across her face.

'Mother, dear,' said the boy, 'Mr Inklin thinks he can get me the place, and I shall have three meals a day—only think, mother, *three meals*! and it wont take me three minutes to run home and share them with you.'

The morning came, and the pale boy's voice trembled with eagerness as he asked Mr Inklin if he had applied for the place.

'Not yet,' said the Man of Leisure, 'but there is time enough.'

The cent that morning was wet with tears. Another morning arrived.

'It is very thoughtless in the boy to be so late,' said Mr Inklin. 'Not a soul here to brush my coat!'

The child came at length, his face swollen with weeping.

'I am sorry to disappoint you,' said the Man of Leisure, 'but the place in Mr C——'s store was taken up yesterday.'

The boy stopped brushing and burst afresh into tears. 'I don't care now,' said he sobbing, 'we may as well starve. Mother is dead.'

The Man of Leisure was shocked, and he gave the pale boy a dollar!

THE MAN OF LEISURE ON A DEATH BED.

Mr Inklin was taken ill. He had said often that he thought religion might be a good thing, and he meant to look into it. An anxious friend brought a clergyman to him. He spoke tenderly, but seriously to the sufferer, of eternal truths.

'Call to-morrow,' said the Man of Leisure, 'and we will talk about these matters.'

That night the Man of Leisure died.

PROFESSOR MORSE'S ELECTRO-MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

It is with some degree of pride, we confess, that it falls to our lot first to announce the complete success of this wonderful piece of mechanism, and that hundreds of our citizens were the first to witness its surprising results. No place could have been found more suitable to pursue the course of experiments necessary to perfecting the detail of machinery than the quiet retirement of the Speedwell works, replete as they are with every kind of convenience which capital and mechanical skill can supply. Professor Morse has quietly pursued the great object, which for a considerable time has engaged his attention and has finally succeeded in carrying it out into successful practice, aided by the ingenuity of Mr Alfred Vail. Others may have suggested the possibility of conveying intelligence by electricity, but this is the first instance of its actual transmission and permanent record.

The Telegraph consists of four parts:

1st. The *Battery*—A Cruikshank's Galvanic Trough of sixty pair of plate, seven by eight and a half inches each.

2d. The *Portrule*—An instrument which regulates the motion of the rule. The rule answers to the *stick* of the printers, and in it the *type* representing the numbers to be transmitted are passed beneath the lever which closes and breaks the circuit.

3d. The *Register*—An instrument which receives and records the numbers sent by the Portrude from any distant station.

4th. A *Dictionary*—Containing a complete vocabulary of all the words in the English language regularly numbered.

The communication which we saw made through a distance of two miles was the following sentence: '*Railroad cars just arrived, 345 passengers.*' These words were put into numbers from the Dictionary; the numbers were set up in the Telegraphic type in about the same time ordinarily occupied in setting up the same in a printing office. They were then all passed complete by the Portrule in about half a minute,* each stroke of the lever of the Portrule at one extremity marking on the Register at the other, a distance of two miles, instantaneously. We watched the spark at one end and the mark of the pencil at the other, and they were as simultaneous as if the lever itself had struck the mark. The marks or numbers were easily legible, and by means of the Dictionary were resolved again into words.—*Morristown Jerseyman.*

On Wednesday evening, we saw the experiment performed at the University, with *ten* miles of wire. It was completely successful.

Whether the same effect would be produced at the end of a wire one hundred or one thousand miles long, is yet to be decided by experiment. There are no known facts which show the contrary. All experiments yet tried indicate that the electri-magnetic power would be transmitted, with no perceptible delay, through the whole length of a wire, however long it might be.

This invention has two advantages over all other plans for an electro-magnetic telegraph yet proposed. It uses but *one* wire in conveying intelligence. It records, legibly, the intelligence conveyed. Both these advantages seem to us important.—*N. Y. Observer.*

* The first stroke rang an alarm upon a bell, and put in motion the machinery to receive the intelligence.

LUNAR INFLUENCE.

If the tides of the ocean are raised from their fathomless beds by the power of the silver moon, it is not too much to believe that the tides of the atmosphere are subject, in a great degree, to the same mysterious influence.

In tropical climates especially, the power of the moon over animal and vegetable life, is believed by a great many to be very great, and why not in other portions of the globe also? It is stated by a learned writer that in Demarara there are thirteen springs and thirteen autumns every year, for so many times does the sap of a tree ascend to its top branches and descend to the roots. For example, the wallaba, a resinous tree common in Demarara, and somewhat resembling the mahogany, cut down in the dark, a short time before the new moon, is one of the most durable woods in the world for building purposes; in that state try to split it, and with the utmost difficulty it will be riven in the most rough, jagged, unequal manner; cut down another tree of the same kind at full moon, and the tree, it is said, can readily be split into the finest smooth shingles or into staves for making casks; but in this state if applied to building purposes, it speedily decays. Bamboos as thick as a man's arm, if cut at the dark moon, will endure ten or twelve years; if cut at full moon, they will be rotten in two or three years; and thus it is with most of the forest trees. If these statements can be relied on, they would seem to afford an important practical hint to those engaged in getting out and in shipping timber from extensive forests in our own country.—Have any experiments ever been tried or any facts noticed by ship builders upon this subject? It is time, we believe, that the timbers of our public vessels oft times rot while yet on the stocks and before they are completed. May not this be attributed to the particular age of the moon when the timbers were felled in the forest?

London Trades and Professions.—4,700 public houses, 3,000 tailors, 2,800 boot and shoemakers, 2,500 attorneys, 2,000 bakers, 1,700 butchers, 1,600 schools, 1,600 apothecaries, 1,600 green-grocers, 1,100 barristers, 1,000 cheese-mongers, 1,000 coal merchants, 490 pawnbrokers, 450 fishmongers, 400 confectioners, 250 physicians.

Egyptian Necklace.—At the Artists' and Amateur's *conversazione*, last week, Mr Sams, the Egyptian traveller, exhibited various interesting articles from ancient Egypt, illustrative of the early art of engraving; among others, a remarkable necklace of great beauty. It is composed of oriental cornelian, crysoprase, and gold, intermingled, and is supposed to belong to some princess of the time of the Pharaohs. Six of its pieces, longer than the others, bear inscriptions, evidently cut with the graving tool. There was also a remarkable lamp, having an inscription in Greek, in the uncial character; and, particularly, an extraordinary and magnificent royal signet, of solid gold, weighing nearly an ounce and a half. This beautiful object has the King's name one of the most ancient Pharaohs, engraved upon it, as well as other inscriptions, all evidently cut with the graver. The form of the signet is simple, but curious; a large, massive, and accurately-squared piece of gold is hung on a swivel, so that two sides bear inscriptions.—*Literary Gazette.*

The number of geese kept fatted and plucked in Lincolnshire for the London market is immense. So extensive is one goose establishment said to be, that a steam engine is kept constantly employed in grinding meal and mashing it into compost with potatoes for their food.

The following calculation is extracted from Mr Hill's pamphlet on Post-office reform:—The number of letters which pass through all the post-offices of the United Kingdom per annum is about 88,600,000; the number of franked letters, 7,400,000; the number of newspapers, 30,000,000; total, 126,000,000; the annual expenses of all kinds at present are £695,569.

One day last week, as the sawers in the yard of Messrs. Priddey, builders, in Droitwich, were opening a large piece of elm, they found imbedded in the timber, a bird's nest, containing five eggs. The eggs were all perfect in color and quite sound. The wood surrounding the nest was from five to six inches in thickness, and free from the slightest pressure or imperfection.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia U. S. Gazette, writing from Harrisburg, says:

I learn from a friend yesterday that M. Campbell, the engineer of Philadelphia, has invented a plough and a harrow which may be effectually and most profitably worked by steam. A gentleman of the west has expressed his belief that the former will plough 25 acres a day. If this is the case, the wilderness of our great prairies will be made to blossom like the rose.

Commerce with China.—The extent and activity of our commerce with the East, are strikingly illustrated by the Canton shipping list of April 25th. Under the three heads of 'arrived,' 'sailed,' and 'under despatch,' the names of 20 ships are given, of which 9 are British, 1 Native, 1 Spanish, 1 Dutch, and 8 American.

Increase of Crime.—From a report made to the Board of Alderman yesterday evening, it appeared that the number of complaints made at the Police offices in this city, during the year commencing September 1st, 1834, and ending September 1st, 1835, were 14,548, and that during the twelve months following, the number of complaints amounted to 15,888, showing an increase of 1040. And in the following twelve months ending the 1st of last September, the complaints amounted to the frightful number of 18,056, being an increase of 3068 in one year. Of those 18,956 cases, 1089 were sent to the Special Sessions, where crimes of a minor description are tried, and 4402 were sent to the General Sessions. The 1089 cases sent to the Special Sessions have been all disposed of by being tried or sent for discision to the General Sessions, but of the 4402 cases sent from the Police offices to the General Sessions, upwards 3000 yet remain unacted on.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

Westminster Medical Society.—Dr Charles J. Williams, President, in the chair. The first meeting of this society was held on Saturday the 21st ult., when some observations were made by Dr J. Johnson on the salutary influence of alum in recent dissection wounds, a notice which was taken in our last number under the head of 'Miscellanea.'

At the second meeting of Saturday last, Mr F. H. Thomson was elected President, and Dr Chowne Vice-President.

Arsenic in wax candles.—The attention of the Westminster Medical Society was drawn to the nature of the composition of German wax candles, by Mr Scott, who considered the matter of so much importance to the public health, as to require the immediate consideration of the medical world. It appeared from the observations of the different speakers, that on the first introduction of these particular candles into the market, Mr Everett, after a most careful analysis, discovered four grains of pure metallic arsenic in each candle; but recently the competition had arrived to such a pitch, that no less than a drachm of arsenic was stated by Mr Scott to be found in each candle,—that is, in the proportion of 1 to 28.

The President and other members, who joined in the discussion, highly deprecated their use, and considered that the evolution of so large a quantity of arsenious acid into the atmosphere by the use of these candles, must as a matter of course, be highly detrimental to the public health; and that, as chapels, theatres and other public buildings, were about to be lighted by these means, it was necessary that this Society should thus express their conviction of their deleterious quality. Mr Costello strongly urged a representation to the government on the propriety of establishing a well regulated medical police, and complained, in very forcible language, of the languor of our constituted authorities on all matters connected with medicine, in reference, more especially, to our municipal arrangements.

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epi4m sep 23

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Also, two large Stoves, and seventeen hanging Lamps, the above articles will be sold low, (as they belong to a Society that have no further use for them,) on application to Saml. Smith, at the Courier office No. 4, Congress square, or to Moses Mellen, 38 Union street. tf n 18

BLOOMFIELD'S GREEK TESTAMENT.—With English Notes, Critical, Philological, and Exegetical, partly selected and arranged from the best commentators, ancient and modern, but chiefly original. The whole being especially adapted to the use of academical students, candidates for the sacred office, and ministers; though also intended as a manual edition for the use of theological readers in general. By Rev. S. T. Bloomfield, D. D. F. S. A. Vicar of Bisbroke, Rutland, England. First American, from 2d London edition; 2 vols. 8vo.

Preface of the American edition by Prof. Stuart, of Andover Theological Seminary. The work is highly recommended by him to clergymen and students, and has been adopted as the Text Book, by the principal seminaries of learning throughout the country.

From Prof. C. E. Stowe, Lane Theological Seminary, Walnut Hills, near Cincinnati, Ohio.

Messrs. Perkins and Marvin—'I received a few days since a copy of your edition of 'Bloomfield's Greek Testament.' As to mechanical execution, it is in my opinion altogether superior to any Greek Testament hitherto published in America; and its literary and theological merits are such as entitle it to a high place in the estimate of every scholar who wishes to study the new testament. I recommend it to the students under my care, and use it myself in the preparation of lectures. I became acquainted with Dr Bloomfield while in England, and I consider him one of the most laborious and accurate Greek scholars in the English Church.'

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1838—*PERIODICALS, REVIEWS, &C.*

THE subscribers are Publishers or Agents for nearly all the popular Periodicals published in in the United States—numbers of most of which may be seen at their rooms. Among them are the following, nearly all of which commence new volumes with the present number;—

Religious Magazine and Family Miscellany, edited by Prof. Andrews, Rev. J. Abbott, Rev. N. Adams, Rev. H. Winslow, Rev. J. S. C. Abbott, and other gentlemen—48 pages 8vo. monthly,	$2 00
Knickerbocker,	5 00
American Monthly Magazine,	5 00
North American Review	5 00
New York Review and Quarterly Church Journal—edited by Prof. Henry	5 00
American Jurist and Law Magazine	5 00
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Gentleman's Magazine, edited by H. E. Burton	
Family Magazine, 40 pages monthly	1 50
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Boston Dec. 23, 1837.

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